

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 373.—12 JULY, 1851.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Ornamental and Domestic Poultry; their History and Management.* By the Rev. EDMUND SAUL DIXON, M. A., Rector of Intwood-with-Keswick, Norfolk. 2d Edition. 1850.
2. *Poultry; their Breeding, Rearing, Diseases, and General Management.* By WALTER B. DICKSON. 1838.
3. *Farming for Ladies; or, a Guide to the Poultry-yard, the Dairy, and Piggery.* By the Author of *British Husbandry.* 1844.
4. *The Poultry-yard; a Practical View of the best Method of Selecting, Rearing, and Breeding the various Species of Domestic Fowl.* By PETER BOSWELL. 1845.
5. *Domestic Fowl; their Natural History, Breeding, Rearing, and General Management.* By H. D. RICHARDSON. Dublin, 1816.
6. *A Treatise on the Breeding, Rearing, and Fattening of Poultry.* By JAMES MAIN, A. L. S. 4th Edition. 1847.
7. *Ornamental, Aquatic, and Domestic Fowl, and Game Birds; their Importation, Breeding, Rearing, and General Management.* By J. J. NOLAN. Dublin, 1850.

Of all the branches of Natural History which relate to the inferior creatures, ornithology is perhaps the most elegant and the most interesting. It is true that some species among the beasts are endowed with higher powers of intelligence, and are available for more general purposes of usefulness, than any birds, and therefore must be allowed to put forth the prior claim on the attention of the wise; but their range both of element and geographical space is more limited; there is less ideality about the mode of life they are constrained to adopt; they are rarely supplied with brilliant coloring, unless when, as in the baboons, it seems intended to make them still more odious; their voices are not such that man can eagerly listen to them with continuous pleasure; and though they display many amiable and attractive traits of character, still it may be said that with them what we should call the evil passions are fiercer and more predominant, while the softer graces of temper and disposition are displayed in less abundant measure than amongst the feathery tribes. They are, indeed, in some respects more nearly related to us;—the orang-utan at the Zoological Gardens, if suddenly converted into soapstone, would exactly correspond with the usual effigy of a Chinese mandarin. This is no recommendation; a certain amount of dissimilarity and inequality promotes friendship, and even love. But among the birds are to be found families whose decorations, alike graceful and gorgeous, are inimitable by any material that we are acquainted with, be it even gems and metals; whose song by its mere tone moves the listener almost to tears, although he is ignorant of the exact sentiment that inspires the melodist. Some, as the raven, are absolutely cosmopolitan in their dispersion throughout the climates of our planet. The four departments of material nature popularly styled elements seem open and accessible

to them—earth, air, water, and (if we remember the account of the Australian king-fishers given by Mr. Gould, and of the region in which they dwell, by Captain Sturt) fire almost, or heat as hot as fire. The fiend himself, when started on his ill-intended cruise into chaos, could scarcely display a wider range of locomotive and habitative powers.

At last, his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or
rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

Nor are there wanting, to promote our sympathy, the qualities of acute perception, docility, mimicry, even fun and humor, courage, gallantry, strong affections—above all, parental love.

What community of feeling can we enter into with a fish!—a creature that increases its kind with little or no experience of the delights of mutual or parental affection;—brings forth by thousands and hundreds of thousands at a time;—eats its own progeny indiscriminately with those of its neighbor, showing no favor to either, just as they are arriving at the most interesting stages of their youth!—that indulges a voracious appetite without, as far as physiologists can judge, enjoying the pleasures of taste;—that dozes, indeed, now and then, but never seems to know what a comfortable night's rest is, though it may be torpid for a whole winter;—that has a chance, especially if it be cartilaginous constituted, of living for centuries, and yet is liable to be snapped up by its own great-grandfather without a moment's warning! No; we cannot understand the life-theory and practice of these races, and probably never should, even were the depths of the ocean penetrated for our accommodation by a glass tunnel, through the transparent walls of which we might behold the meteoric ribbon-fishes glancing athwart their secret abyss, and practise an espionage upon the soles and turbots as they were sliding, unhurt by the enormous pressure, and unsuspicious of a Paul Pry, over the surface of the profoundest mud. Look into the eyes of many beasts and many birds, and there is something which you can understand, something which seems inclined to meet your thoughts half-way, if it could but find a common language; but the only thing which the eye of a fish ever appears to express is, “I would eat you if I could.” The dervish who possessed the power of throwing his soul into other animals, might know tolerably well how to proceed when his transmigratory fancies led him to animate a bird or a beast; but on entering any of the funny tribes he would be utterly at a loss.

Avant! and quit my sight! Let the sea hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

We would altogether decline the acquaintance of fish, so long as they are in the flesh. Afterwards

it is all very well to have a levee of them waiting upon us at Blackwall, instead of our attending them in less comfortable reaches of the estuary.

Sweet is the hum of bees, dire is the song of gnats and mosquitos ; gaudy is the clothing of the butterfly, noisome the contact of vermin ; costly are the products of the silkworm and the cochineal ; ruinous the ravages of the weevil, the wire-worm, and the locust. But in this favored country—and how few of us reflect on the blessings peculiar to our position—not least our ignorance of what either a hot or a cold climate really is!—in this physically happy land, compared with many other regions, insects exist in but a contemptible minority. We have fewer entomological beauties, and, Heaven be praised! fewer entomological plagues ; whereas in ornithology we are rich beyond our fair proportion. It is true that we have, after all, plenty of insects even here ; but the extreme minuteness and unimaginable variety and transformations of those creatures forbid the enterprise of most ordinary students ; and when we have learned their forms, we cannot comprehend or even scarcely guess at their senses—their inner mode of life. It is doubtful whether they possess the faculty of hearing. An intelligent bee-master and a good gardener says that he “ fired a gun close to the hive containing a swarm ; they only stirred slightly ; but shaking them disturbs them much more than any noise.” (*Wighton on Bees*, p. 59.) If they do hear at all, their scale of audible sounds has been conjectured to lie far at the top of ours, and so to be a nullity for our ears from the highest to the lowest note which it contains. The kind of sight that must be the result of looking out through a thousand microscopes is difficult for us to realize ; the language of the antennae is more untranslatable than any cuneiform inscription. For bees, and a few others of their class, there will ever be a genuine fellow-feeling, as well as a selfish interest arising from considerations of profit ; but the mob of creeping things will secure no hold on popularity.

As to conchology, as seen in museums and cabinets, what is it but a collection of husks and rinds of things that are dead and gone? We treasure the envelope, having lost the letter ; the book is destroyed, and we preserve the binding. Not one person in a hundred, who decorates his apartment with shells, can tell whether the living creatures they once contained had eyes or no eyes, were fixed to the rock or drifted with the sea-weed, were purely herbivorous, or, by an insinuating but unamiable process, dined on the vitals of other mollusks their neighbors. The Radiata and the rest of their allied tribes are still less inviting to men and women in general, since they puzzle and worry even philosophers and practised naturalists. We believe that Mr. Charles Darwin has been for some time past engaged upon the barnacles, and has been well nigh driven to despair by the slipperiness of their character. So that we still return to our proposition, affirming the supreme attractions which ornithology has to offer. For what is a menagerie without the birds? What a farm-yard without the poultry? What a dinner without the winged game or their sufficient deputy?

But then, how to indulge a taste for ornithology? In museums, or in books? Both, of course, are useful ; but the best of either, when most wanted on the spur of the moment, are accessible to but few. The large building which stands at the back of Montague Place and fronts nowhere, never travels up and down the country like Mr. Wombwell's

collection, or the American floating treasures of natural and artistic objects. And the price of Mr. Gould's admirable works, such as “The Birds of Europe” and “The Birds of Australia”—the one 7*l.* 8*s.*, and the other something like 120*l.*—is against their purchase by most provincial libraries and book-clubs—quite as much as the cost of Mr. Yarrell's excellent “British Birds” and “British Fishes” stops their taking a place on the parlor shelves of many who would like to have such pleasant hand-books within reach. Still these last can be consulted at almost every literary institution in the kingdom, and plenty of cheaper and less comprehensive works are continually reprinted. For one great charm in natural history is, that it never wearies ; it neither grows stale, nor is made the sport of fashion. Buffon is not yet wholly antiquated, though he has been one main cause of the building up the most startling theories from incorrect data ; nor is Goldsmith's “Animated Nature” quite worn out, though he makes the common gander take his turn upon the nest. The literature of natural history never becomes entirely obsolete. The costumes, manners, politics and creeds of men may change, but still nature remains the same, reproducing successive examples of her own original types with perennial freshness. The forms and habits of the humbler animals are the first things to interest our childhood ; and they often retain their hold upon our inquisitive attention after we have learned to regard the passions and intrigues of men with indifference—or, better, with pity.

So far as an acquaintance with outward forms is concerned, we have no high idea of the elementary instruction of museums. The stuffed specimens are often sadly distorted ; the neck perhaps stretched to twice its natural length ; on the parts not covered with feathers, we see unreplicable colors mocked by pigments that have faded since they were applied ; false feathers are inserted, natural ones dyed ; impossible attitudes assumed. It would be unfair to criticize severely the artist who has to mount the skin of a bird which he has never seen alive, and whose habits he can only guess at ; but it may seem a curious paradox that figures drawn from his stuffed specimens sometimes are found to give a less false idea of the creatures themselves, when afterwards *oculis subjecta fidelibus*, than do the said specimens. We should, however, recollect that even so the engravings from certain mystic pictures are less unintelligible to common beholders than the pictures themselves had been in Trafalgar Square. The intermediate interpreter is instinctively biased towards natural truth.

Books, again, on the subject which each one most affects, will be sure to be read as fireside pastime. Knowledge is thus acquired, but a science is not thus advanced ; information is spread, but the general stock is not increased. To do this, practice must aid us ; ornithological work must be done ; birds must be collected, and kept, and studied. Or, better than a collection—far better for those of moderate ambition than the possession of a large menagerie at once, is it to have a succession of individual specimens occupying a leisurely attention, till the secrets are coaxed out of them. An amateur who would thus keep but a few pairs of finches—for the plan of retaining only *single birds* in captivity is alike cruel and unprofitable—and jot down from day to day their mode of nesting, incubation, feeding their young, growth, diet, notes, &c., little knows how valuable his con-

tributions would be at the end of a few years; but especially if he made a change now and then—not too hastily—in the species of his captives. Books on natural history have been, in general, so apt to repeat each other in almost the same words, that the production of fresh information from original observers is sure at the present day of a warm welcome. But the misfortune is, that so many men of great acuteness and ample means have *gone through* various branches of experimental science for their own amusement—we may especially mention gardening and the rearing of birds and animals—and then, when certain conclusions have been arrived at, and their own minds satisfied, they have turned to some other pursuit without making any record of their former one, or leaving any addition to the capital of human knowledge, except the little that may survive by oral tradition amongst those who were about them at the time. Such favored individuals—favored both in fortune and in talents—really ought to draw up some narrative of their labors—at all events, communicate occasional notes to some journal of the day; but the pecuniary stimulus is absent—and the *vis inertiae* is too much for any' other. We have a few good energetic examples to the contrary in such men as Thomas Andrew Knight and Charles Waterton; but how brief is the account which Sir John Sebright has left in print of what cost him thousands of pounds and years of observation! Worse still, in how many cases has a man's acquired knowledge of natural facts all died away with him, and been lost forever! Is it not almost as bad as if Captain Cook, Bruce, Humboldt, and other great explorers of the world, after having penetrated into unknown regions, at the cost of money, health, and all but life, had forthwith cast into the fire every specimen, chart, drawing, log-book, and journal that they brought back with them?

So, then, the way to know birds is to see and to keep them; the mode of furthering a knowledge of them is to note what is seen. It is thus that the Zoological Society and their officers have made such immense advances during the last few years—although the field is altogether too vast for their numbers, and their present powers to subdue at once—there yet remains an enormous unreaped harvest. But every one cannot reside within a drive of the Regent's Park, nor, like Lord Derby or Sir Robert Heron, maintain a princely menagerie within his own domain. It must come to a few pets, more or less in number, according to people's means; three or four sorts of water-fowl in the pond, one or two of pheasants in the aviary, or a set of cages containing doves, finches, or parrots, as it may be.

A vast body of amateurs gratify their ornithological longings by keeping, under really adverse circumstances, families of choice poultry—in which term, if pigeons be included, a still larger multitude is embraced. These people are utterly distinct from the class who rear or fatten fowls simply for table purposes. With many it is really the pursuit of experimental knowledge under difficulties—with many it is all as truly for the disinterested pleasure of having and admiring the birds themselves, as the wealthiest reader of these pages would claim to be influenced by in keeping up his swans or his golden pheasants. Probably many a rich connoisseur would scarcely credit what narrow nooks, confined back-yards, close garrets, are converted into receptacles for a small stud of select cocks and hens. The eggs thus laid are valued as were they

the eggs of a phoenix; the chicks thus hatched are petted more than a first-born child; and the grown creatures themselves are loved and admired as incomparable, faultless—no one *has* so good, no one *shall* have, except as a proof of devoted friendship, or in exchange for some still more perfect specimen, if such can be; but to sell them!—Do people sell their own fathers and mothers?

It often happens that the passion is stronger than the means of gratifying it are possible. Many sorts may be hankered after—even possessed—and there may be tolerable room for but few; and need we say that one paved court of twenty feet square will not contain two dominant Chanticleers! So, various "lots" are billeted out at sundry isolated cottages, just as a sporting nobleman would disperse his greyhound pups amongst his farmers, or send his racers out on training. The owner has the joy of seeing them now and then; of hearing of them more frequently, just as he would demand news of a sick child that was gone from home for country air; of receiving occasional baskets of eggs and hampers of chickens, and distributing such produce; and of feeling conscious that he is the absolute, much-envied lord of such and such unparalleled beauties. Their destiny awaits his nod—to remain hidden in the rural harem, where no other fancier "knows of them," or to display the full blaze of their fresh moults to the dazzled public at the next Midland Counties Agricultural exhibition. Fowls thus out on a visit are technically said to be "at walk;" and many cottagers make a good thing of taking in chickens to tend and dry nurse. Especial provision is made for this arrangement at poultry shows. At the Birmingham meeting, which promises to be—if it is not already—the very first of the kind in the kingdom, one of the rules is—"All the specimens must have been *bonâ fide* the property of the exhibitor for at least two months previous to the exhibition, with the exception of chickens which may have been hatched within that time. A written declaration to this effect must be forwarded. *Fowl out at walk* will, however, be equally admissible for exhibition by their real owners." An ardent poultry-fancier, lauding this system of confiding choice sorts to the care of cottagers, believes that he has made a discovery in the nice task of selecting the parties who are to be intrusted with such precious charges.

I employ (he writes) *three turnpike-gates*, and find it the best and *safest* course to pursue. There is *always* some one at home; and the outhouse where the fowls roost is so close to the dwelling that there is no fear of their being stolen; besides, I think gate-people sleep light, lest they should lose a sixpence. My usual plan is to *find all the corn* the fowls eat and buy the eggs. This keeps them (the people) honest; and when I send the eggs to a farm to be hatched, I give to the shepherd's wife, or to the servant who looks after them, 6d. per couple, for herself, for all reared.

Everybody knows that there is a fashionable world, a literary world, a sporting world, and a scientific world; but everybody does *not* know that there is a poultry world, with its jealousies, excitements, preëminences, and interests, just like any of the other worlds that revolve, "cycle on epicycle, orb on orb," in the midst of the great universal world itself. The grand evil is that the poultry world has hitherto been kept to a great degree distinct from the scientific world, to the disadvantage of both these respectable spheres. Not a few renowned naturalists have disdained *in toto* the

scrutiny of domesticated animals. They have too hastily adopted a sweeping theory explanatory of their diversities, and thought that the study of their various forms would hardly repay the trouble.* Others, who would fain explore this entangled region, have been sorely hindered by the prevalence of mere commercial jealousies. The men who live by the propagation and sale of valuable beasts and birds have had their lips sealed by the dread, that, while they were communicating some natural fact, they might betray some precious secret; and so they have curdled themselves into close boroughs, and have often shut their gates on all inquiring savans—sometimes have sent them wandering hither and thither on a wild-goose chase. But these mischiefs will be overcome. The Poultry World desires and deserves to fraternize with the Natural History World—and we see many signs of success. In like manner the secrets of the Fancy stand a great chance of being profaned by the rough handling of common sense. The establishment of the Zoological Society, and its consequences, have given a blow to the quackeries and mystifications of unblushing dealers, from which they can never recover, though they may writhe and struggle for a time with eel-like slipperiness and tenacity of life.

Our agricultural magazines and country newspapers are conducted by persons who have every opportunity for estimating the degree of interest felt as to particular subjects; and perhaps we could not better illustrate the strength of the under-current contemned by Dons of Science, than by giving from those journals a few specimens of the overtures made by the poultry public, entreating aid from those able to afford it. We shall, however, purposely refrain from adding the solutions of the problems proposed, as they will form an excellent examination paper, by which students may test the proficiency at which themselves and friends have arrived.

I Sir—Will any of your correspondents inform me of the best mode of rearing pea-fowls? I have now a pea-hen sitting on nine eggs, and, having been hitherto unsuccessful, not raising more than one in six, I am rather anxious to have the advice of others.

J. F. E.

II. W. C. will thank some one to inform him what size a piece of water must be to keep a swan on? Also, whether a single swan will remain quietly? And whether swans will devour trout? He has a small pond in which there are trout, and the beauty of the water is entirely done away with by a nasty green scum, which he has been told a swan will clear.

III. Sylvanus wishes to know if the guinea-fowl ever breeds with the barn-door fowl—as a friend of his thinks that he has some hybrid chickens.

IV. R. B. asks for some plan to prevent pheasants

* Here is a sample:—Plusieurs autres races mitoyennes, un plus grand nombre encore de variétés accidentelles, se trouvent dans cette tourbe immense des pigeons de volière. Les décrire, les connaître toutes, serait un ouvrage aussi ennuyeux pour l'auteur qu'il serait de peu d'utilité pour l'étude de la nature; ce n'est aussi qu'avec quelque dégoût que nous nous en occupons; on ne peut guère s'occuper de ces races dégradées, que d'après de simples suppositions, que l'on hasarde pour la plupart. Les soins de l'homme, en s'étendant sur la propagation et l'éducation des oiseaux, sont les causes premières que ceux-ci ne nous offrent plus que l'image d'un esclavage très ancien, dont nous remarquons toutes les traces dans l'altération de leurs qualités habituelles.—Temminck—*Pigeons & Gallinacées*, i. 202.

from eating their own eggs. He has a golden pheasant which lays regularly every other day, and devours the egg as soon as it is dropped. She used to lay at from five to six o'clock in the afternoon, but since he has watched her closely she lays early in the morning. She appears to lay eggs for the express purpose of eating them.

V. A subscriber would be obliged if the editor could suggest a simple and efficient cure or preventive for a complaint in chickens six or eight weeks old, in which, without any previous cause, they pine, separate from their clutches, and, after lingering a few days, die.

The inquirer lately lost a fine Dorking cock under the following circumstances:—For the sake of a breed between the cock and a particular hen, it was necessary to shut them up together, and, the place of confinement being deficient in the means of ventilation, the cock in two or three days began to droop, and, though liberated, he was affected with vertigo, and died in about a fortnight. He was repeatedly physicked; and, as he could not feed himself, his food had to be administered to him. The hen did not apparently suffer.

VI. Sir—Last year I had a present made me of a couple of beautiful black grouse bantams. I have been so unfortunate as to lose the hen this spring, and I am fearful I shall likewise lose the cock, for he has lost the proud, haughty step so natural to the bantam tribe; his comb has turned to a dark dingy color; he has great difficulty in swallowing anything, however soft, having to make three or four attempts before he can. He is reduced almost to a skeleton. If you could recommend anything which you think would be useful, I should feel very grateful.

EPSILON.

N. B.—I have fed them generally on dry barley. I have tried a little rue and butter.

We may here remark, that advice respecting poultry ailments is very frequently asked by letter of the editors of agricultural papers. Were the enclosure of a handsome fee made by these gentlemen, as by the advertising doctors, a necessary preliminary to the medical reply, all honorable secrecy respecting the case being of course in like manner guaranteed, a decent income might be derived from this branch of practice. We would willingly undertake all the labor and anxiety for the receipt of half the profits. “Dum dolet—while the sore pinches, then,” say the mediciniers, “is the time to ask a fee.” But gentlefolks, mourning over a declining hen, or longing to save the lives of a delicate brood of turkey-chicks, rarely enclose even the penny or two-penny stamp which is to carry back the friendly hint. The gallinaceous leech, like the mountebank of former days, has to exercise his wits for pure benevolence. And wits he need have, or some infallible specific equally sovereign for inflammation of the lungs and a broken bone. Most applicants suppose him to be a clairvoyant, and remind one of the faith of the rustic who ran to the doctor and said, “Please, sir, my wife's very bad; I'm come for some physic!” Sometimes it may be doubted whether the petitioners are in earnest, or, under the shelter of an anonymous communication, impertinently seek to give trouble and annoyance.

VII. Sir—May I beg the favor of the opinion of one of your correspondents conversant with poultry, respecting a hen of mine, which appears to have fits at certain times, spinning round and round, and is only kept alive by being fed by hand. She will stand in the same spot for a length of time quite listlessly, and seems to pine away. I have tried castor oil and peppercorns with temporary relief. I am told that it is apoplexy, and that it is incurable. Is that the case,

or is there any remedy? I presume its flesh would be unwholesome if killed?

I am yours obediently—A COCKNEY.

Ought the physician here to keep his temper, or only his countenance? We hope the signature soothed him; for certainly no class of poultry-keepers should more excite one's sympathies than the constant dwellers in large towns or their suburbs. We always enter heartily into their feelings; we cannot see them stretching out their arms to grasp a few rural recreations, and not long to afford them all possible aid. Here is a still more voracious citizen:—

VIII. Sir, I am very partial to poultry; and, possessing but a mongrel stock, the whole of which, six hens and a cock, from some cause or other, do not return me more than half a dozen eggs per week as a set-off against their food, I am inclined, sir, from the opinion of some friends, to lay the fault at the age of the hens, with some other minor causes; and, being advised to procure a stock of young chickens for next year's laying and hatching, I am anxious to go to market with as much scientific information as I can lay in, to defend myself against the artful circumventions of the itinerant vendors who frequent the market of Leadenhall, and who make easy prey of us cockney purchasers whenever they can find a fitting opportunity.

1. What breed are considered to be the best layers? How to know them?
2. Which are the best sitters? How to select them?
3. To tell a youngish bird from an old one?
4. To tell a healthy from a sickly one?
5. Do you advise nest-boxes on the ground or elevated?
6. Are chalk eggs of any use in these nests?
7. Proper number of hens to a cock?
8. In a stock of eight or nine, would you vary the breeds?
9. Their general food?
10. As occasional luxuries?
11. Would you feed once or twice in a day—and at what hours?
12. Proper way to clip wings without disfiguring?
13. As a general habit, do you consider an unlimited range better than confinement?

The *limited* range at the command of this virtuoso was about twelve feet square. We wonder whether or not he would enjoy the inspection of a real country farm on which a large head of poultry is kept. Let us hope that the little stud of fowls has by this time been satisfactorily selected; and that his cock—we approve his having but one—may prove courageous, and his hens prolific. Another anxious man writes thus:—

IX. One of my hens generally produces eggs with two yolks in each shell. The yolks are quite distinct, and are in the nature of twins. Did any of your readers ever know any such egg produce two chickens?

I see in the poultry-list of Leadenhall market mention made of large Surrey fowls at 12s. per couple; are these of any particular breed, or are they capons?

What is the best mode of fattening young poultry?

These are samples of the details which editors of what many will call humble prints are expected to give in illustration of a minor branch of a single department of knowledge. Truly, their brainboxes had need be furnished on a liberal scale. We feel tempted to extend the list of poultry problems, so as to make an even dozen of questions, but refrain. Enough has been produced to show that a thirst for a certain kind of knowledge exists; the demand

for the article has been proved—we will now look a little at the quantity and quality of the supply. The public want poultry information; what poultry books have the public to read?

The number of such works—as witness even the list at the head of this article—is considerable; but the whole of our gallinaceous literature would be comprised within a very small compass if we ruthlessly *ignored*—to use the slang of the day—that proportion which is merely a re-compiling and a re-stealing of goods compiled and stolen so often as to have become worn to shreds and tatters in passing from pilferer to thief. In most of our encyclopedias the natural history department is exceedingly well done—but, owing to the dislike among scientific writers of grappling with the teasing varieties of domesticated creatures, they have, in many cases, *avowedly compiled* their poultry articles, and done openly what the inferior pack commit without acknowledgment. In fact, Poultry and Plagiarism seem to be bound together by some mysterious relationship or mesmeric affinity, though what that may be we are not acute enough to guess, unless it is that they both begin with the same consonant—a circumstance which has been affirmed by high authority to constitute the only and sufficient connexion between modesty and merit. Nor is the alliance at all a recent one. The Romans were as bad as the French and English. For instance, Varro, lib. iii. cap. xxx., tells us how an expert goose-master would proceed in choosing his breeding-geese. The parallel instruction in Columella is at lib. viii. cap. xiv.—where we find just enough of amplification and alteration of phrase to deprive the later scribe of all chance of the beneficial supposition that he had made a quotation and forgot to acknowledge it. He has followed his leader on plenty more points. But in these passages we have double classical authority for the two important facts—that the domestic goose will not sit on any eggs except those which she herself has laid—and that the gosling must be cautiously turned out to pasture lest he break his neck by tugging indiscreetly at the tough herbage. A fact of a different class to be gathered from them is, that geese, two thousand years back, were exactly what they are *hodie*: some parti-colored, supposed to be "mitigated" from the wild sort, and others white, which then, as by many now, were held in highest esteem as breeders. A few happy modern coincidences may be admired on reference to p. 141 of *Boswell*, and p. 47 of *Main*, wherein are sentences, nay paragraphs, running side by side with the most loving unanimity. The incubation of geese will be found treated in the same consenting manner at pp. 150-1 of *Boswell*—at p. 81 of *Richardson*, first edition—at p. 260 of *Walter B. Dickson*—and at p. 82 of *Main*. It should perhaps edify us all to behold four of the genus *irritabile* harmonizing so completely; but, alas! many are rather annoyed, on cutting the leaves of a newly-purchased book, to have to call out, "Ah, ha! Here is the same old song which I paid for only a month ago!" The outside of the organ is new, and the crank looks different, but the barrels are the same which I have heard play over and over again before!" Our own chief complaint, however, is that while these amiable competitors

in quaternion run
Perpetual circle,

they so very often depose without jarring to the thing which is not. Common report is, in this

instance, a liar. The goose does not sit on her eggs two months, calendar or lunar. The "Farming for Ladies" quietly tells the truth : "Incubation lasts only from four weeks to thirty days." Richardson's *dictum*, that "the goose sits nearly two months, although one is sufficient," is a pretty example of the art of making two contrary statements in one breath.

We had fully meant to quote some of the portentous parallelisms above referred to, but find that we cannot afford the room. By the way, however, let us beg our readers, especially intending buyers, on no account to confound *Walter B. Dickson* with the Rev. *Edmund Saul Dixon*. If there really be such a person as *Walter* we much doubt. Of the character of the performance issued under that name there can be no doubt at all. The clerical prefix belongs to a substantial man, and moreover a substantial author. We were of old familiar with his work, and are delighted to see it republished with additions. His is the Poultry Book—distinct in arrangement—copious in facts—the style neat, and sprightly without conceit or affectation.*

One of the most interesting questions connected with poultry, and handled with peculiar care by this writer, is, What are we to regard as the origin of our various breeds of domestic fowl? for they are no longer found wild, any more than the camel is. With the pedigree of domestic turkeys and guinea-fowl we are well acquainted; most, though not all, naturalists agree that the domestic goose is the direct progeny of the gray lag; and farm-yard ducks, according to the nearly universal creed, are nothing but tamed mallards. Respecting these two last species we agree with Mr. Dixon in entertaining considerable doubts—especially with reference to the goose. But about barn-door and court-yard fowls few have ventured to express decided opinions, and, when they have, those decided opinions will not bear very strict examination. Buffon's doctrine that all the (to him) known species of pheasants were only variations from one original, is as worthy of belief as that all existing cocks and hens were derived from one now wild species of *gallus*, whether Bankiva, Sonnerat's, or Bengal jungle-fowl. Not much guidance can be had from most of these poultry-books. That ascribed to *Walter B. Dickson* (p. 4) patronizes Sonnerat's cocks and hens as the Adam and Eve of all fowls:—

This species, (says he,) which is *three feet four inches in length*, inhabits the great forests of India, continues to reproduce there in the wild state, and is clearly distinct from the domestic races reared by the Hindoos—[that is quite true]—as these resemble in all respects the other tame breeds in every quarter of the globe. M. Sonnerat, however, thought very differently, and prided himself much on the discovery, rejecting the statements of Dampier and others as to the existence of wild fowl in Timor and other islands of the Indian seas. The jungle-cock is one third less than our dunghill cock, and—

But, stop! The jungle-cock being one third less than our dunghill cock, and at the same time measuring three feet four inches in length, it follows that our dunghill cock is exactly five feet in length! So we will not follow Master Walter any further. Let us turn, then, to Mr. Nolan. He cuts the Gordian knot with a charming ancient-Pistolian air:—

* We are glad to observe that Mr. Dixon has a sequel in the press—"The Dovecote and the Aviary."

The origin of our Domestic Fowl
is involved in such uncertain obscurity, I shall not trouble my readers by repeating what has been so often advanced; it is nearly on a par with the assertions of some of our savans, who undertake to tell us what has occurred before the creation of man. I shall therefore omit it, and proceed to detail the facts we are in possession of, and commence with the description of

The Cochin China Fowl.
They were presented to our most gracious queen, &c. &c.—p. 8.

The author of "Farming for Ladies" (who continually makes us wish that he had bestowed the same industry on this humble subject as he gave to the "British Husbandry") treats the matter not quite so completely in Ercles' vein:—

The inquiry is, if not of mere curiosity, yet of secondary importance—though it is extraordinary that our efforts to tame the pheasant, the partridge, and the quail, have proved unavailing; and a belief is by many entertained that the races of domesticated animals were never wild; on which point, observations have been so pertinently made, that we shall offer no apology for transcribing them.

He might as well have referred to his authority—but such omissions will startle no student of the cock and hen library. To proceed with the "pertinent observations":—

In the first place, there is no evidence of a greater number of kinds of domesticated animals now in the world, than have been from the earliest period of history; and, in the next place, there have always existed as many kinds of domesticated animals as have been useful to man in his most civilized state. As the civilization of man increased, so have the variety and quality of domesticated animals increased, but the number of their kinds has not increased. There were horses, asses, camels, dogs, cattle, sheep, and goats, in the days of Abraham as well as now; and these constitute the largest proportion of our domesticated animals. Many attempts have been successfully made to tame single individuals of wild races; but such animals, though tamed, are in quite different state from our domesticated animals. Some wild animals exhibit a degree of familiarity. The swallow builds her nest in our windows, and the robin enters our dwellings; whilst the blackbird and sparrow are constantly before us. This familiarity, however, does not amount even to tameness, far less to domestication. It appears, indeed, that wild animals are preserved *unchanged* for the great purposes of Providence throughout the globe, and that Nature has presented to man only such animals as are obviously most suited to his wants. With these he must be satisfied. What wild creature would he desire to substitute for any one of our animals? Should we desire it, Nature (*i.e.*, the Creator) has placed such a barrier in our way, that it is impossible for us to make a single wild creature available to our domestic purposes. We may exercise our ingenuity, judgment, and even caprice, in moulding the habits and qualities of domesticated animals to our tastes, wants, and conveniences. There the field of experiment is open to us—not to an unlimited, but to a great extent; but Nature will not permit us to make a single predatory excursion among her wild animals.

It is a pity that this gentleman did not pursue the idea thus happily met with. He is the only writer on poultry, except Mr. Dixon, by whom it has been alluded to. The views so temperately and yet so effectively set forth by Colonel Hamilton Smith in his "Treatise on the Dog" have not yet

met with the consideration due to them. The rest all stick to one notion, as sheep follow in the track of the bell-wether. It is taken for granted that every domesticated bird and animal must have passed through the wild state—have been primatively shy, intractable, and unattachable, and been made docile, domestic, and confiding, by the cares and wisdom of man. Every species of bird and brute which now forms part of civilized society has been drilled into its good behavior, taught to forget its savage instincts, and been made the useful creature that it is, by the schooling of former ages. But the proposition assumes, though it does not state in so many words, that the Almighty Creator could make a wild animal, but could not, or would not, make a tame one; in short, things are so badly contrived in the world—there is so little evidence of any providential design in the adaptation of living creatures to the circumstances in which they are placed on earth, either in reference to each other, or to inanimate nature—man's bodily frame and his mind are so thoroughly ill-suited to his condition as an inhabitant of the planet on which it is his chance to dwell—that it is extremely improbable that any creatures exactly convenient for his use should have been given to him at once, and from the first. As, in the Vestigiarian theory of Creation, from the rudimentary animalcule has grown the erect and thinking man*—so in the Buffonian, perhaps we may say the French, history of domesticated creatures, from natures vicious, distrustful, and obstinately insubordinate have been evolved, à force des soins as they say, tempers and habits the very reverse. A difficulty certainly here arises, that these metamorphoses were effected at a period when our juvenile race had plenty of other things to occupy them; it must have been to the dwellers in ever-shifting tents, the scourers of deserts, the explorers of untrodden tracts of interminable pasture, the wagers of no sham battles against "insidious" as well as "insolent" and "aggressive" neighbors—it must have been to these busy pioneers of human progress that we are indebted for the inestimable gift of domestic birds and animals, if not to the divine forethought and bounty. We, in these latter days, can make neither the shy bustard nor the gentle guan available in our poultry-yards; we cannot harness the zebra, tempting as is his pattern, to our lord mayor's coach, nor induce the jackal to point and set, so as to become Cumming-Gordon's, instead of Tao's, provider. But these harassed, toiling, way-worn patriarchs could train for us the horse, the ass, the camel, the dog, the fowl:—by what process? and from what wild stock? But, with certain minds, the objection will not weigh much; a rational explanation, if wrong, is more agreeable than a religious one, if right.

* The followers of Lamarck are very glad of any facts to support their doctrine, and they have need of them. The following may be offered for their acceptance. It is just as valuable, and deserves to be just as influential, as the "Transmutations of Corn" that have been so greedily snapped up and swallowed.

I once encountered a native who exercised the double calling of bailiff and varmint-killer, and who, on my remonstrating with him for having shot and crucified so many innocent cuckoos, assured me very gravely that, although these birds were called cuckoo during the summer, they became hawks in the winter, the bill and claws gradually assuming the true falconine character. This was near the coast, where the sparrow-hawk is rare during the summer, but where the males abound during the winter.—Knox's *Ornithological Rambles in Sussex*, p. 69.

If our wise men would only get this "wild original" out of their heads, and study species, sub-species, and varieties, or whatever else they choose to call them, independently, and as having no necessary relationship or connection with each other, from what trammels would they free themselves! We do not ask them to repudiate any expressed opinions, but simply to look upon domestic animals as they would on the Fauna of a newly discovered group of islands, and just take them as they are, without reference to any supposed parentage or pedigree. Let them put theory aside for a while, and give us an account of wild creatures without dragging in the tame, and of tame ones without tracing them to wild. For we are confident that such prejudice quite warps the judgment, and renders observations, otherwise valuable, most unsatisfactory to the inquiring poultry-fancier. To exemplify what is meant we will make a few extracts from Mr. E. Blyth's Remarks on M. Sundevall's Paper on the Birds of Calcutta, in the Annals of Natural History, vol. xx., p. 388. Mr. Blyth—curator to the museum of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta—is, we are informed, an energetic as well as an accomplished man; but even he cannot look upon cocks and hens with an eye solely to their existing peculiarities, and with a simple belief that they are worthy of study.

"M. Sundevall," he remarks, "might well have sought in vain for traces of the wild *gallus Sonneratii* in the domestic poultry of India, inasmuch as—though curiously enough, I have found that species of South India far more easily domesticable than the Bengal jungle-fowl—the latter is beyond all question the exclusive aboriginal stock from which the whole of our domestic varieties of common poultry have descended."*

Here is a great difficulty and inconsistency left quite unexplained, and yet, in the face of it, he pronounces a judgment "beyond all question." He continues:—

However different these may be, whether the silky fowl of China, the gigantic Chittagong race, or the feather-legged bantams of Burmah, their voice at once and unmistakably proclaims their origin, and is as different as can be, in every cry, from that of *G. Sonneratii*; besides that we continually meet with common domestic cocks which correspond, feather by feather, with the wild bird, the peculiar notched comb of which is again retained invariably, even when the comb is double or compound. This much premised, however, it is remarkable that the domestic poultry of India do not approximate to the wild race in any respect more closely than the common fowls of Europe; and I have sought in vain for traces of inter-

* Temminck's deliberate opinion is very different:—"Je ne saurais me conformer aux vues de plusieurs naturalistes qui croient que la plupart de nos races de coqs domestiques sont issues d'une seule souche ou type, et que toutes ces dissimilarités que nous observons dans la taille et dans les formes particulières de ces oiseaux doivent uniquement leur origine à la différence du climat, aux empreintes de la domesticité, à la manière bizarre dont ces variétés ont été créées, enfin au simple hasard. Il est, ce me semble, plus raisonnable de reconnaître dans le genre coq plusieurs souches ou espèces premières, dont les descendants, qui forment nos races particulières, auront conservé des caractères propres à leurs espèces, et au milieu desquelles on ne manquera pas de trouver des individus purs et non dégénérés. Plusieurs espèces primitives de coqs inconnus jusqu'à ces jours, dont nous ne possédons point les descendants en domestiquée, serviront de base à mon opinion."—*Pigeons et Gallinacées*, tom. ii., p. 69.

mixture of jungle-fowl blood in districts where the species abound in a state of nature.

Again does M. Blyth's candor supply objections which more than counterbalance his utterly unevincing assertion that all our various breeds of fowls come from one wild bird. As to the silk fowl—Temminck says the "Coq à Duvet"—his *Gallus Lanatus*:

Voici encore une espèce dont les parties internes ressemblent à celles du coq nègre ; * * * * l'espèce est très farouche, et les coqs ne sont pas si courageux que les coqs des races ordinaires ; ils s'allient difficilement avec les poules vulgaires, mais leur produit est fécond. Cette espèce habite les différentes parties de l'Asie ; on la trouve au Japon et à la Chine, où les habitants les tiennent en cage, pour les vendre aux Européens.—ii., p. 256.

And, as to voice, M. Blyth must not place too much reliance on that, for it varies as much among the domestic birds themselves as between the wild and the domestic. Mr. Dixon says (p. 373) that

the initiated can often distinguish the various breeds unseen, by their crow. * * * * Amongst individual cocks of the same variety, there will indeed be frequently slight variations in the tone of crowing, but yet a person having anything of a correct ear may easily trace the *family crow* throughout.

We may here observe that a gentleman, a good judge of poultry, who joined us at Birmingham just before the agricultural show of December, 1849, told us there was a large arrival of Malay fowl by the train in which he travelled, because when it stopped at the various stations *he could hear them crowing*, though it was too dark to see them. Mr. Blyth goes on to say :

It is a curious instance of how little is currently known of the zoology of India, that to this day authors who write on the history of the common fowl generally repeat the statement that "its original stock is very uncertain ; but it is supposed to be descended from a wild species still met with in the island of Java!" The truth being that the genuine wild common fowl is familiarly known to every sportsman in all Northern India, and is with justice highly prized as a game-bird :—abounding in all suitable localities from the sub-Himalayan region on the north to the Vindhyan range on the south, and spreading further southward along the eastern coast of the peninsula to some distance beyond Vizagapatam ; while to the eastward it likewise abounds in Assam, and all along the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal, throughout the Burmese countries, the Malayan peninsula, Java and Sumatra. *G. Sonneratii* begins to replace it on the Vindhyan range of hills, bordering the great table-land of the peninsula to the northward, and wholly replaces it in Southern India generally ; while in Ceylon two other wild species occur, the hen of one of these being figured by the name of *G. Stanleyi* in Hardwick's Illustrations.

This addition of geographical range is a valuable addition to natural history ; but Mr. Blyth next proceeds to refute himself on the topic of the "genuine wild common fowl."

The different species of jungle-fowl have hitherto been caricatured in the figures that have been meant to represent them—the types of which [figures] are alone to be met with in the poultry-yard. The general figure is remarkably pheasant-like, and the tail commonly droops, and I have never seen it more elevated than that of a pheasant sometimes is—though it is more raised in *G. Sonneratii*.

Not only is the drooping tail a characteristic of the jungle-fowl, but it descends to their mixed offspring with domestic hens. A half-bred Sonnerat-and-Game cock in our possession retains it ; though if anything would set up the tail of a jungle-fowl it would be an alliance with the game-breeds, which have it particularly ample and erect. Chickens obtained from him last summer, and which therefore had only a quarter-part of Sonnerat blood, continued to exhibit the drooping tail of their wild grandfather. It is marvellous how so obstinate a peculiarity should have been so completely altered in our domestic breeds if they are the genuine descendants of the jungle-fowl as we now find it.

A very characteristic feature of the Bengal bird, and which I have seen in all Indian examples of the species, including some from Tipperah, did not occur in such as I have had alive from Assam and from Aracan, nor have I ever seen it well shown in a domestic fowl ; this consists in the vivid whiteness of the large round lappet of naked skin below the ear-coverts, which thus forms a well-defined and very conspicuous auricle-like patch, contrasting strongly with the crimson of the comb and other naked parts, and with the deep red orange of the adjoining feathers. This lappet is of a bright dead-white tinged with blue in the hen ; and it certainly helps much to ornament those which possess it.

Now here Mr. Blyth loses an advantage to his argument for want of having seen a greater variety of poultry ; England is probably richer than Calcutta in various and choice specimens of what are called fancy fowls ; but were he to be put in possession of a few good and true Spanish fowls only, he would no longer deny that the white ear-patch is well shown by *some* domestic birds at least. Some more of this gentleman's observations are so interesting as to deserve quotation :—

The only other variation which I have observed in many dozens of skins from the most various localities is, that Himalayan specimens, both cocks and hens, are slightly paler, while those from Malacca and Java are in general deeper-colored than the jungle-fowl of Bengal. The latter are as true to their normal coloring as any other wild species ; and it is strange that the peculiar minute mottling of the feathers of the wild hen can scarcely ever be matched in the plumage of the domestic hens, at least in this part of the country.

Captain Hatton assures me that the jungle-fowl is strictly monogamous ; and I have been told the same by several Shikarees ; though others maintain that it resembles domestic poultry in this particular. In the former case an analogy might be traced with the common duck, which regularly pairs when wild, and is polygamous—or indiscriminate is perhaps a better word—in a state of domestication. [This is a fact which will bear more than one interpretation.] A Sonnerat's fowl in my possession, which is as tame as any barn-door cock, and breeds as freely with common hens, certainly paired with one for some time, and would take not the least notice of other hens ; but to induce him to do so I cooped up his partner for a few days, when he soon took another, and upon my releasing the former he seemed to think it best to remain lord of both, and has continued so ever since, while he exhibits a considerable aversion to some Burmese bantam hens that are likewise kept with him.

Our own half-Sonnerat's cock killed a Polish hen that was confined in the same house with him, and

would have served a second the same had she not speedily been removed.

Although the range of the wild common fowl does not extend westward, that I am aware of, beyond the mountains that form the natural boundary of India in that direction, the domestic bird appears to have been common among the western nations from the remotest traceable antiquity; and this Indian bird is raised even in Iceland. * * * * I must close, however, this long digression, but in the hope of having awakened some interest in a subject which is well worthy of further inquiry.

So say we; and none more competent than Mr. Blyth to pursue it, if he will but disabuse his mind of a thirst after "origins."

A word or two of the turkeys now raised in this country. They are called Péru, evidently from the common cry of a turkey [?]; and are regarded as unclean by the Mussulmans, though it is very clear that the indicter of the Koran could not have prohibited to his followers this American bird; the tuft of bristles upon its breast indicates, as they fancy, a certain affinity to the unclean beast; and perhaps the bald head and neck may suggest some sort of relationship to the vultures, (especially *Otogypus pondicerianus*,) which would scarcely be recommendatory of this noble bird as an article of diet. Those brought to Calcutta are chiefly, if not wholly, raised in Chittagong, and most of them are brought up by people of French descent, to be fattened at Chandernagore, where they are resold at considerable profit for the table. All are of a black color, and very degenerate from the race of tame turkeys in England. [We doubt whether they differ much from the genuine old Norfolk.] They are small, with the naked wattles and long pendulous appendages over the beak enormously developed; poor, helpless creatures, utterly incapable of rising upon the wing; and, if suffered to drink their fill, they will greatly incommodate themselves by filling out the immense craw. Nevertheless, they fatten well and are excellent eating; and one at least is sacrificed for every dinner party.—p. 391.

Mr. Blyth says elsewhere:—

M. Sundevall is quite wrong in stating that any Hindoos ever breed fowls; the mere touch of one, or of an egg, is pollution even to the lowest caste of them.

Then follows the fact that the Indo-Portuguese population do not turn into negroes, nor even derive "their exceedingly dark complexion from the permanent influence of climate, but from intermixture and reintermixture of blood with the lowest class of natives, till little indeed of the European stock remains in them." This touches on a speculation which would carry us quite out of our depth, being at present employed solely about the feathered bipeds. But the passage should not escape those who pursue the studies of Dr. Pritchard.

There are three principal quarries, on Latin, French, and English ground, to which the makers of poultry-books resort for materials. The first would contain the little there is in Cato, Pliny, and likewise Varro and Columella, who, as we have said, give the same matter in not very different words. Columella is mostly quoted at second-hand, through an old translation; it is easy for those who think it worth while to modernize the language. Gesner has made a collection of passages relating to birds from classic authors, which is useful for reference. However, the grand encyclopædia of all that was known on the subject in his day, from every source, was Aldrovandi, who arranged his matter into wonderful order, consider-

ing the immense mass of it, but, unfortunately, collected with little discrimination. But he has not yet been translated into English—it would be a somewhat different task from doing a French novel or two; and his voluminous treasures have not been ransacked by every literary artist. One of his best episodes is known as the story of the talking nightingales at Ratisbon, (*Ornithologia, tom. ii., p. 792.*) To the common fowl alone, he devotes from p. 183 to p. 329 inclusive, of his large folio, each page containing about twice as much matter as one of our own—in short, the full amount of one of our fattest numbers, all *De Gallo Gallinaceo*. He opens his subject with about half a page of introductory matter, and then proceeds to the *Æquivoca*, or ambiguities touching cocks and hens, passing thence to the *Synonima*. Next comes an account of the different kinds, followed by a general description of the cock and hen, (*Forma et Descriptio Galli et Gallinae in genere*), full of learning. *Anatomica* heads the next section; then the natural history of their mode of increase, up to hatching; this includes the growth of the egg, the progress of the chick during incubation, &c., with an immense deal of intermingled truth and falsehood, sense and twaddle, on the breeding of these creatures. Then come six pages on the *Educatio* and food of chickens. Then separate sections on *Natura*, *Mores*, *Ingenium*; *Magnaninitas*, *Pugna*; *Sympathia*, *Antipathia*; *De affectibus corporis Gallinaceorum*; *Capiendi Ratio*; *Historica*; *Cognitio minata*; *Denominata*; *Præsagia*; *Usus in Sacris Ethnicorum*; *Auguria*; *Prodigia*; *Mystica*; *Moralia*; *Hieroglyphica*; *Somnium*; *Emblemata*; *Ægnitaria*; *Epitaphia*; *Apophthegmata*; *Proverbia*; *Fabula*; *Apologi*; *Usus in Medicinâ* (more than sixteen pages); *Nocumenta*; *Usus in Cibo* (nine pages); *Usus in Variis*; *Insignia*, *Icones*, *Numismata*. Chap. II. gives descriptions, and large, rude, but often spirited wood-cuts of various fowls, some fabulous, some monstrous, and others quite recognizable in our present breeds. The peafowl, the turkey, and other poultry, are set forth in their rightful articles, according to the same elaborate plan. Aldrovandi becomes eloquent, and also full of curiosities, when he handles the *usus in cibo*. How lyrical his exordium!

Who is ignorant that the gallinaceous genus is useful for food? By this almost alone are we aided on the sudden arrival of friends or guests; to this we ought to refer the chief elegancies of our table, whether it be sumptuous, moderate, or sparing. If necessity demands a display, from this source you have the most approved viands, and those either boiled or roasted; moreover, the eggs are superior to the eggs of other birds, and will afford you even a variety of dishes. If your table is moderate, as on those days when the eating of flesh is forbidden by a sacred law, eggs alone will suffice; if sparing, as suitable for invalids, whence, I ask, can a safer and pleasanter diet be sought, than from fowls? Wherefore is it deservedly that with Columella and others who have professedly written on birds, the gallinaceous tribe always obtains the principal place. For which reason even the commentators on Horace, when he sings

*Accipe quâ ratione queat ditescere turdus,
Sive aliud privum dabitur tibi—*

expound *privum* not only to be something private and proper, but peculiar and rare of the genus of birds, such as, they say, amongst the ancients were hens and thrushes, than which last that nothing is better the same poet hath elsewhere declared. Lampridius records that at the banquets of Alexander Severus there

were hens and eggs, but that on festival days he added a goose also—on the highest festivals a pheasant; so that sometimes even two were served, with the addition of two fowls. And he elsewhere relates that even Heliogabalus on one day ate pheasants only, on another day pullets. Hence it is clear that even the most dissolute emperors, though they indulged in the eating of these birds, still ate the hens only, or their chickens. For the cocks, and especially those which are tolerably vigorous, are reserved rather for stock than for the table. But if the cocks are yet tender, namely, cockerels, their flesh is to be enumerated among the fowls which afford the middle quality as to making lean and making fat, so much praised by Galen. For it is easily digested, it generates laudable blood, it conciliates affection, it agrees with every kind of temperament; especially if the birds are moderately fat, and have not yet crowded. For when they crow they begin to grow dry. With the ancients fat hens were held in very high esteem, so much so that C. Fannius was compelled to make a law which forbade the serving of birds at table, except a single hen, and that one which had not been fattened. Pliny notes that this Law of the Fat Hen was passed eleven years before the third Punic war; but adds that a mode of evasion was found out: "Cocks were fattened on food moistened with milk, and were approved of as being thus made much more agreeable." So he says. But these were common precepts, and which are still daily made mention of. Yet, although hens may thus be made tender, some people have come to such a pitch of luxury, that they would accept for their own eating only one part of a bird. Thus Capitolinus called the Emperor Pertinax illiberal, because he sometimes sent to his friends the loins of fowls; but perhaps unjustly—for I should rather believe that he did it to gratify their palates. Although there is but little flesh on the back, yet the skin itself, especially in a well-fed hen, is fat, and a first-rate delicacy. So that Matron in Atheneus speaks of—

fatted hens in silver dishes,

Unfeathered, of like age, with backs like pancakes:

that is, as I expound it, with nice backs, (*dorsa grata*,) not with reddish backs, as some interpret; since a pancake is not reddish, but whitish. [?] The combs also, and the wattles especially, are by some people eaten out of broth, or roasted over plums, with the addition of pepper and orange juice. In my region we also add other parts, particularly on the day dedicated to Saint Pellegrinus, that is on the calends of August, the time when the Bolognese make their capons. Some say the dish is difficult to digest, and not nutritious, as being of a dry nature; but Galen holds the combs of cocks and their wattles in the middle place, neither to be recommended nor disapproved of. The Gauls esteem the rump of cocks, hens, and capons, to be a military meat; for they call their veterans rump-devourers—*uropygiorum voratores*—[this reminds us of our beef-eaters, and the American chawers-up;] but it is certain that the rump of cooped and thoroughly fat fowls wonderfully pleases the palate, and is wont to be exhibited to the luxurious in joke. The blood also of hens is not inferior to the blood of swine, although it ranks far below that of hares. In the time of Galen there were people who ate it. Our folks, (at Bologna,) when they kill hens, suspend them by the feet, so that the blood, collected at the part operated on, may be coagulated, and be afterwards used as food.—pp. 293—5.

We have seen the Venetian poulters dexterously grasp a hen in one hand, cut its throat with the other, and then, instantly dropping the knife, with both hands hold the bird so that the blood drained into a saucer. Rows of these saucers of coagulated fowls' blood are exposed for sale. What use it is applied to, whether for gravies, puddings, or soups, we did not inquire, being then unaware

that we were destined to treat of poultry in the Quarterly. This mode of killing is more humane than that usually practised in England; the bird seems to die almost instantly; with us it is rather an object to make them linger, that they may *drain the longer*, and so make their flesh the whiter. We speak of the suppliers of country markets. Aldrovandi then gives the use of chicken broth, as employed by the Egyptian dames by way of a bath to fatten themselves; the etiquette being that the lady to be fattened, (*mujer pinguefacienda*,) while sitting in the broth bath, is to eat one whole chicken of the number of those of which the bath was made, and that she is to repeat both bath and dose for many days. The question, one should think, would be whether the beauty thus in training would fatten or choke first. The Egyptian egg-hatching ovens would be a needful national establishment, if the fashion widely obtained of applying soup to the outside instead of the inside of our domestic ornaments. The authority for all this is Prosper Alpinus. "Moreover, Antagoras, the poet, made so much of fowl-broth, as Atheneus writes, that he would not go to bath whenever a hen was boiling on the fire, lest the lads, in his absence, should absorb the liquor." Then come various modes of cookery, from Apicius first, next from Platina, the best idea of which may be gained from Smollett's feast after the manner of the ancients in Peregrine Pickle:—*Pullus parthicus*; *pullus laseratus*, i. e., assafetida chicken; *oxy-zomus*, or sour-sauced; *leuco-zomus*, or white-sauced; *pulus varianus*; *pulus tractogalatus*; and *pulus frontonianus*; all from Apicius, and any one of them enough to make Monsieur Soyer's hair lift the cap from his head. In despite of such terror an old German dish must be given. It would make a nice variety on a Christmas supper-table:—

Cut roast chickens or capons into joints, season them with sugar and spices, soak them in sweet wine, lay them on pieces of toasted white bread, also moistened with wine; serve cold!

Be not fastidious, ye modern supper-eaters: the preparation ought to be grateful to your taste, if your blood is really Anglo-Saxon. Your ancestors had decidedly a sweet tooth; and currant-jelly with mutton, hare, and venison, apple-sauce with roast pork and goose, plum-sauce with pig, are all parts of your German inheritance. There seems to be an instinctive craving for savories amongst the Southrons, and for sweets amongst the Northeners. A favorite Dutch accompaniment for fish, as Southey reports, is custard—with beef they take stewed quinces.* At this day in Norway they bathe their turbot with sugared, cinnamon-flavored sauce; and the Russian enjoys the figs, raisins, and oranges of the Levant as much as the Mediterranean native does the red-herring, caviare, pickled eels, and salt cod that he receives from our own and still higher latitudes. But to Aldrovandi again:—

I should wish, by the way, to give the admonition that a nut put inside a chicken makes it cook with far greater celerity, as Corn. Agricola delivered to memory; which, if true, (and any one can without danger make the experiment,) would often be of great utility on the unexpected arrival of friends.—p. 298.

A valuable hint this for roadside innkeepers, if posting were not as obsolete as pack-saddles and pillion. No space remains to touch upon the many queer classical ways of cooking eggs, but

* Life, by his Son, vol. v., p. 225.

one eastern plan demonstrates a little-known effect of centrifugal force. It would be curious if Mr. Layard could illustrate the legend :-

Cælius testifies that the Babylonian hunters place raw eggs in a sling, and whirl them round, until by this sort of motion they are cooked.—p. 301.

To conclude—occasional absurdities only set off Aldrovandi's merits, which are great wherever (like Herodotus) he relies on his own observation. A very good account of his labors and his life, as far as they are accurately known, is given in the Naturalist's Library, *Mammalia*, vol. vii.

The veins of French literature that have been most freely worked in the poultry line are candidly pointed out by *Walter B. Dickson* in his preface :-

The chief sources from which the materials of the present work have been derived are French, beginning with Olivier de Serres, the father of French agriculture, and M. Chomel, the author of the *Dictionnaire Economique*. The two most distinguished of the French writers on poultry are the celebrated M. Réaumur, the inventor of the thermometer, and M. Parmentier, the author of the article *Poule*, in the Abbé Rozier's *Cours Complet d'Agriculture*, as well as the notes along with M. Huzard to the government edition of the *Théâtre d'Agriculture* the details of which have been almost implicitly followed in his *Pigeons et Gallinacées*. M. Parmentier has also contributed articles on poultry to several other works, which have been consulted. M. Bosc wrote the article *Poule* for the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, which, amongst other novelties, contains a mode of making hens hatch at any time that may be required.

The subject of the preservation of eggs has been carefully explained, chiefly from the admirable experiments of M. Réaumur.

The disorders of poultry have, it is believed, for the first time, been treated in a scientific and rational manner ; and the experiments and researches of M. Flourens on this subject have been fully detailed.

Now all this is very right and proper. The public is much obliged to any writer who will bring forth interesting matter from little known, and especially from foreign sources. But we conceive that by doing so he acquires a sort of copyright in his novel quotations. Literary morality ought to prevent succeeding writers from building up their structures with his materials. If they *will* go to the same crag, let them at least respect the stones which he has already hewn out. It is tiresome, whenever one takes up a new poultry-book, with whatever title, to have the lady who trained capons to perform all the offices of hens, except laying, or the Egyptian egg-ovens, or Lord Penrhyn's poultry-house, or the *vermineer* of M. Olivier de Serres, which, Mr. Nolan calls (p. 78) a *vermineer*, staring out from the pagés as soon as they are opened. And gross errors are as sure to be thus re-copied as useful facts : witness, *ex medio acervo*, the stereotyped statement from M. St. Genis, that “ geese will pair like pigeons and partridges, and that, if the number of the ganders exceed that of the geese by two, and even by three, including the common father, no disturbance nor disputes occur ; the pairing takes place without noise, and, no doubt, by mutual choice.” After this decorous matrimonial ceremony, “ the couples which had paired kept constantly together, and the three single ganders did not, during temporary separation of the males and females, offer to approach the latter.” Exemplary birds ! But that must have been in the golden age of poultry-keeping. Now, they are very jealous, and even noisy, behaving sometimes with

great rudeness towards each other. So, again, from the French we have it that the common fowl has been recommended to fill the important function of hatching goose-eggs ; but the eggs of the goose being very large, and their shell very hard—all true—a hen is not bulky enough to hatch more than—how many ?—*eight or nine* ! The same number is given to a hen in Boswell, p. 151 ; the same in Main, p. 83. Now, reader, study for a moment the next hen you see, and then look at a goose's egg. She would be just as able to hatch nine ostrich's eggs as nine of these, unless she is one of those dunghill hens which, as we calculated, must be five feet long. A large Dorking hen will cover, at the most, five goose's eggs : it is a question whether she can *warm* them thoroughly, at least in the climate of England. They drain off her calorific at a terrible rate ; the poor thing would as soon sit on so many cannon-balls. The practice is not a good one here. But nine goose's eggs are nothing for a clever hen to hatch. “ Buffon mentions a sort of fowl in Brittany which are always obliged to leap, the legs being so short. These are the size of a dunghill-fowl, and kept as being very fruitful. The hens will hatch thirty eggs at a time.” (*W. B. Dickson*, p. 18.)

It is enough to laugh at the repetition of such things as these :—but the serious evil of incorporating foreign agricultural information, as a naturalized part of our own system, is, that the difference of climate, and the innumerable details depending on that difference, render any practice based on such precepts unsafe, and probably unsuccessful. This great oversight is what rendered all Cobbett's speculations on gardening, agriculture, and forestry, of so little value ; he constantly mistook the English climate for an American one ; the maize that required a long, unclouded summer to mature it, was to increase profitably in the “ usual severity” of our seasons ; the trees, which had not half enough sunshine to mature their young wood, were yet to pass the trying ordeal of our drizzling winters and our reluctant springs. Cobbett's hints on Poultry in his *Cottage Economy*, though not infallible, are better worth attending to. They are his own ; and so he has been pillaged that other books may be put together. He had too much English industry and independence not to think that his own observations on things in general were the very best that could be made. He would have scorned all plagiarism from the French, though he yielded to the overpowering influence of the summer suns of America in his gardening theories.

Main's *Poultry-book* is thoroughly French, both in information and expression, except the parts quoted from Dr. Latham's *Synopsis of Birds*. “ This treatise,” the advertisement to the third edition tells us, “ was written by a gentleman who, in the course of his travels in tropical countries, and from a pretty long residence in France, acquired a very extensive acquaintance with the different species and varieties of poultry, together with the different methods of rearing and fattening them with a view to profit, as practised in some of the rural districts of that kingdom.” Rules and plans so collected may, for aught we know, be valuable for French poultry-keepers. A publisher, however, would look oddly if an author were to go to him, and say, “ Sir, I have resided several years in Devonshire, and have had great opportunity of studying the practice of gardening there—what will you give me for the copyright of a work on the Horticulture of the Shetland Islands nearly

ready for publication—a handsome thick octavo volume, with wood cuts, elegantly bound in cloth?" There is nothing more local than the best way of managing plants, birds, and beasts for profit, or than the best sorts to be cultivated in those localities; and yet we are overpowered with the opinions of MM. Parmentier, St. Genis, and Olivier de Serres, "the father of rural economy in France." It is, doubtless, amusing to read how the *Abelard de la basse-cour* can be trained to incubate and lead out chickens; and so it is also to be told—in Daniel's *Rural Sports*, to wit—how a talented sow was tutored to point at game; but an Englishman would no more choose the unclean to accompany him to the moors, than his lady would allow the hero of the *Almanach des Gourmands* to take the bread out of her hens' mouths.

We beg leave to conclude this little discourse with some account of an experiment which may help to solve a problem of considerable importance; namely, whether the hybrids between two species which may fairly be considered as distinct, are capable, in any case, of producing between themselves an intermediate race of unvarying mixed character, and with power of reproduction. The reader will perceive the bearing which this has on the grand question of the "origin" of our breeds of poultry. That in most cases such hybrids are not capable of doing so, is matter of long and notorious experience. But there *may* be exceptions; and if there are, then we have two theories to choose from as to the great variety observable amongst some, not all, of our domestic animals; we may either suppose, as has been repeatedly asserted, that a single species—say, of dog or fowl—was created, and that all the various dogs and fowls have been derived, altered and made, or *created* (as the French writers express it) from this one species; or that the Almighty Creator thought that there should be, from the first, *several* original species of dog and fowl intended for our domestic use, which should be capable of breeding with each other; and that such genera of birds and beasts should thus form each one large family, each prolific amongst themselves, for the service of mankind. In the first case, we must suppose many strange metamorphoses to have taken place at improbable times, in a way we do not see going on at present; there is, then, no real stability in organic forms; things are not multiplied *after their kind*, neither winged fowl, nor cattle, nor creeping thing, nor beast of the earth—but just the contrary. Natural historians, anxious to depict in haste each fleeting zoological phantom, may in that case parody Pope and exclaim to each other—

Come, then, the colors and the ground prepare,
Dip in the rainbow, trick them out in air;
Take a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere they change, the *poultry* of the minute.

But, in the second case, we have only to drop certain preconceived definitions of "species" and "variety," and a clue is given for harmonizing with other facts a very providential arrangement for the benefit of mankind, without admitting confusion into the order of things, or violating common sense and common observation. We are sorry to have no room now left to enlarge upon the topic. But why is not the variety observable among mongrels *infinite*, if the Lamarckian theory be the correct view of nature? Their variations, however, are the reverse of infinite. In a seaport town we lately saw a lot of mongrel fowls brought from

Cephalonia, as part of a ship's stores; they might have been mongrels bred in the next street, so like those running there were they; an opinion could be given, by any practised poultry-fancier, of their degree of mongrelism. Many able scientific naturalists have been deterred from the study of domestic animals by the notion that their characters are perpetually changing—that they do not bring forth young after their kind, but their kind itself is unstable; so that it is of no use, they think, to try to fix and arrange in their systems things so ephemeral. Domestication, they say, is a sort of harlequin's sword; touch a creature with that and you convert a clown into a columbine. It is curious, however, that this potent agency of domestication, like that of mesmerism, should operate only on certain families and individuals, leaving others untouched. Thus, the blue rock pigeon is supposed to have been metamorphosed into the whole variety of forms exhibited by the large and heavy runt, the pygmy tumbler, the trembling fantail, and the ruffed jacobin. Such may have been the case, though neither the epoch of the change nor the process is recorded. But the collared turtle, which has been kept in much closer confinement for an equally long period over an equally wide geographical range, has produced no such heterogeneous progeny. Why has not the guinea-fowl varied as much as the common fowl, if domestication really has such magic power of working changes? Before the Christian era, the common guinea-fowl was as completely domesticated as it is now; and yet two thousand years have left the character of the species unaltered, the few varieties we see being no greater than those which occur among wild birds. Other species of guinea-fowl have been but rarely brought alive to this country; and we believe that the fertility of any hybrids (if such have ever been reared) between two different species of this genus has not yet been tested.

"But," it will be said, "do not forms vary?" Of course they do to a certain degree; but decidedly not *ad libitum*. The following passage is from Mr. Dixon's new Preface:—

To deny that animals vary at all, in either a wild or a domesticated state, is of course erroneous, and would, in fact, go to the extent of denying all individuality; but a strong suspicion may be reasonably entertained that such variations occur in prescribed cycles, and within certain limits, backwards and forwards, for which there exists a law, if we could but find it out, and that there is no progression or transmutation out of one species into another; just as, if the comparison be allowed, the moon has her librations, and though a slight variation takes place, we see, upon the whole, the same disk; or, as the orbits of the planets, though liable to perturbation, still do not deviate far from their general track, nor strike off into open space.

Dr. Whewell, among his other qualities, is a neither limited nor dull observer of natural phenomena. He says—in strong confirmation of Mr. Dixon's views:—

It may be considered as determined by the overbalance of physiological authority, that there is a capacity in all species to accommodate themselves, to a certain extent, to a change of external circumstances; this extent varying greatly according to the species. There may thus arise changes of appearance or structure, and some of these changes are transmissible to the offspring; but the mutations thus superinduced are governed by constant laws, and confined within

certain limits. Indefinite divergence from the original type is not possible ; and the extreme limit of possible variation may usually be reached in a short period of time ; in short, *species have a real existence in nature*, and a transmutation from one to another does not exist. * * * Not only is the doctrine of transmutation of species in itself disproved by the best physiological reasonings, but the additional assumptions which are requisite to enable its advocates to apply it to the explanation of the geological and other phenomena of the earth, are altogether gratuitous and fantastical.—*Indications of the Creator.*

If the limits of variation of species, breeds, races, sorts, or whatever they shall be called, could be defined (and most patient observation and industry alone can arrive at such a result) we might then begin to draw up a sketch of our catalogue of "originals."

It will now be seen that—for us—the interest of any experiments in breeding is more retrospective than prospective ; we are longing to make out the plan and history of what we see around us, rather than hopeful to do much that will alter the face of animated nature. We are thankful for a hint to guide us in the way of truth, and keep us from being bewildered in wandering, that is, in erring paths ; but we do not entertain expectations of being able, by our knowledge thus acquired, to invent and set going any real zoological novelty.

In the noble menagerie of the Earl of Derby, hybrids between the bernicle and the Canadian goose have been produced. They have never there (nor probably elsewhere) bred again *inter se*, though they have with the original stocks. But the hybrids between bernicle and white-fronted geese have bred again two years running. Becoming troublesome they were discontinued, and the opportunity lost of observing what would become of the new race. His lordship, however, has instituted another most interesting experiment of the same kind with pheasants, which we shall now detail as far as we have learned its progress.

There is a pheasant which only of late years has become known in Europe, called *Phasianus versicolor*—the changeable-colored pheasant. It is not mentioned by Temminck in his *Pigeons et Gallinacées*—he probably was not acquainted with it in 1813 ; but in his later work, the *Planches Colorées*, he has both described and figured it very well. It is also figured in the volume on gallinaceous birds in the Naturalist's Library (p. 200) as Diard's Pheasant. It is there accurately described as "nearly of the size and form of the common naturalized breed, but the tail somewhat shorter in proportion." This feature strikes one at first sight, and is very convenient for birds that are to be kept in a small aviary. We cannot here detail the peculiarities of its exquisite plumage ; but if the reader will suppose the coat of the common pheasant to be a piece of rich brown silk, and then imagine that silk to be shot with a lively green of the color of wheat in a fine spring morning, he will have some idea of the general effect of this charming bird. Now, Lord Derby, being possessed of a male *Versicolor*, married him in 1849 to a hen of the common *Colchicus* kind, and obtained half-breed chicks. In 1850 the object was to ascertain how far these birds are capable of continuing their race ; for which purpose three distinct crosses were made by parceling them into three separate lots :—1st, the old *Versicolor* and two of his hybrid daughters—from which were reared, and in September 1850 were still living, twenty young birds ; 2dly, between the hybrid hens

and one of the hybrid cocks, own brothers and own sisters together, whence thirty-four young ; and, thirdly, one of the hybrid cocks with the common pheasant hens. Of these last only seven were reared, and as they were, in his lordship's opinion, the least important, he meant to let them take their chance in the coverts at large. The first lot may be in the eyes of many the most valuable, as having the greatest proportion of true Japan blood ; but the second, as being exactly intermediate, i. e., the brothers and sisters, and therefore strictly to be called the second generation, are the most interesting in a scientific point of view ; and, what is very remarkable, these proved the most prolific, not only in the final result, but during the whole season. All along, ever since the spring, these had been the most successful in hatching, and had taken the lead in thriftiness. And thus the matter stood in autumn ; nothing further could be done to work out the problem until the results of another spring were apparent. But even thus the experiment is valuable—as establishing the fact that the hybrids between *some* species which we must believe to be originally distinct, are capable of producing young *inter se* and of continuing their composite race. We cannot doubt the absolute distinctness of the *Colchicus* and the *Versicolor*, unless we consent to accept Buffon's notion that *all* pheasants (and *all* pigeons likewise) are derived from one original species of each by the effects of changed climate and more or less abundant diet.

The durability of the intermediate race, which has thus been raised under Lord Derby's auspices, is a point which it will be most interesting to watch. Whether they will continue in perpetuity to exist as a family of unchanging half-and-half personal character—whether they will revert to the type of *one* original ancestor—or, perhaps, cease altogether to propagate—are questions for the settlement of which we must wait. In Temminck's trials of hybridizing the ring-necked pheasant of China with the common *Colchicus*, the offspring eventually went back to the *Colchicus* ; the blood of the common sort gained the ascendancy. We may therefore assume that the permanence of an intermingled specific form *does* require a few generations to test its influence as a possible means of multiplying species in a state of nature. Temminck says :—

The ring-necked pheasants, which I have caused to breed with common pheasants, have produced me hybrids, some of which resembled the former, and others were absolutely identical with the second. The produce of these hybrids, together with themselves, or with one of the two species, give the same varieties of plumage ; nevertheless, the young pheasants of the second generation resume most frequently the plumage of *one* of the two species of these birds ; and it has generally appeared to me that the most common livery of the pheasants of the second generation, and successively of those following as their number increased, was that of the common pheasant ; still those retain the white collar, a character which, for many successive generations, distinguishes the descendants that proceed from this alliance.

The white collar is the last point to wear out. This difficulty in perfectly amalgamating two distinct original kinds agrees with what we have ourselves observed in the unions of dissimilar fowls and pigeons. There is a decided preponderance of character to one parent or the other. Here the type, or blood, or *indoles* of the common pheasant

is stronger than that of the ring-necked, and would finally overpower and obliterate it. Temminck adds—

It is essential to apprise naturalists that by the ring-necked pheasant I do not understand those pheasants with white collars which people the managements of several seigneurs in Germany—these only differ from the common pheasant by their white collar; they are the produce of the two primitive species, ring-necked and common pheasant, and form only a race which perpetuates itself for some time.

He does not say "constantly" or "always"—which ought to be the case if we are to believe these possible crossings of species to be any explanation of the diversities of species now existing in the fauna of the world. It is quite confounding words with things to give the name of "species" to any particular set of forms, and then to deduce the fact of its originality or non-originality from the circumstance of its producing, or not, hybrids with another species. A sad chasm in the arguments of the Vestigiarians is, that the experience of breeders is much more against the permanence of such fertile hybrids than for it. Hence the great desire to continue them for several generations as a test. Temminck, writing before these questions had attained the importance which is attached to them now, or had been applied as they are now applied, shrewdly observes :—

It is not always a certain consequence of an identity of species when individuals of these produce together fertile hybrids. This is *not* a fact in direct opposition to the infecundity of those males whose impotence alone serves as a proof of the great disparity which exists between the two species which have been employed in this production.

It will suffice to allege here, as an example, the fecundity of the cocks and hens that are obtained from the union of different species, for we cannot reasonably dispute the existence of many very distinct species of cocks and hens; the details which I have given respecting these birds bear witness to this truth. The fecundity of the hocos, (curassows,) which spring from two different species, offers a second incontestable proof in confirmation of what I have alleged.

Surely the continual and harmonious readjustment of nature is more shown by the occasional production of these fertile hybrids, without the world's fauna being yet the more in a state of confusion on that account, than even if such *inter se* breeding were altogether impossible and unknown.

From conversations which we have had with some of the Zoological Society's clever and experienced keepers, (at the head of whom stands Mr. James Hunt,) their belief seems to be—in accordance with our own—that such amalgamations of species, when made, soon cease to continue in existence, not merely by the young "crying back," but by the regularly increasing feebleness and barrenness of the successive generations of young. It is very true that the Regent's Park, lying on the London clay, and as yet most imperfectly drained, is a locality unfavorable to the rearing of delicate birds; but the great skill and resources brought to bear may be taken as a set-off against this difficulty. We must think it probable that, if the hybrid offspring of birds and beasts did not "cry back" in the same way as Temminck's pheasants, specimens and evidences of such crossing would be much more common than they are. In the long, long years that are past, there must, we fancy, have been pro-

duced casually, with much the same degree of rarity as we see now-a-days, yet which would amount to a visible multitude in the course of ages, many such monstrous combinations—but they have failed to stock the earth. This argument will have a different degree of weight with different minds. Others may, with reason, see little force in the idea that if hybrids did not go back we should see more of these cross-bred races than we do. It may be believed that these intermixtures do not often take place, if ever, in the wild state; and it must not be forgotten that, when they do occur in the captive state, many circumstances may arise to prevent due attention to the working out of the trial. Say that its originator dies before concluding it—his successors may care nothing about the question which he thought so interesting: the newly-raised creatures are neglected or scattered about, and the experiment fails to the ground. In the case of the hybrid geese, above mentioned, it originated certainly in an accidental intercourse, but one which most likely would not have occurred in a wild state, where the intriguers would have easily got away, and have joined others of their own kind; though the cross-breed was successfully continued for three successive years, yet it depended on Lord Derby's pleasure that they should be permitted to do so; and the end was that he, finding them to be troublesome by interfering with the breeding of the more regular and legitimate stocks upon the water, got rid of them without waiting to ascertain how long it would be before they run themselves out, as he is inclined to think would usually be the case—either by failure of fertility—or by going back to one or other of the original true breeds, with which they always readily mingled and associated, even whilst some continued to breed *inter se* as a separate race. The hybrid pheasants will probably not be thus cut short in their course of propagation. Some were to be granted to the Zoological Society, if care were taken that they should be kept distinct and separate, so as to run no risk of spoiling the experiment by the intermixture of other blood; others were to go to noblemen and gentlemen from whom we may expect all due attention, because they are known to take considerable interest in the long-vexed question whether the crossing of species can ever produce a fertile progeny that will continue their breed and possibly give rise to a future new sort. A curious fact relative to the chicks must not be omitted. Mr. Thompson, the superintendent at Knowsley, professes himself able to distinguish to which of the first two lots any of the young hybrids belong—and this we quite believe—though Lord Derby himself cannot do so till they are at a considerable age. Mr. Thompson also notices that the females generally have the brilliant markings at the end of the back feathers, which are the characteristic of the true *versicolor* hen—albeit no hen ever reached Lord Derby's aviary; for, though one was originally sent with the cock, she unluckily died in London *en route* and could only be stuffed for the Knowsley Museum. This looks as if the hybrid breed were about to recur to the *versicolor* type, and gradually purge off the *colchicus* blood. It will be wonderful if a single bird, brought from the east, should be able to perpetuate his race here by making it temporarily parasitical on another species. It is as if a scion kept alive by being grafted on some nearly allied tree, afterwards sent down roots into the earth, and then assumed an independent existence.

[We copy the following article from Chambers' Journal, and remind our readers that Robert Chambers was considered an unbeliever in Revelation. And such persons are not good authority on subjects of this kind, on account of their excessive credulity.—*Liv. Age.*]

PROFESSOR GREGORY ON CLAIRVOYANCE.*

A very considerable portion of the thinking world will be startled in the midst of their settled incredulity and indifference towards what are called the higher phenomena of animal magnetism, when they find a professor of physical science in the Edinburgh University not merely expressing his belief in them, but treating them in a laborious work which aims at assigning them their proper rank and place amongst the recognized phenomena of nature. It will be at once apparent, that for a scientific man of good reputation to avow his reliance upon a set of alleged facts which are generally ridiculed, is "awkward" for him—few things being more damaging than an appearance of credulity. With generous minds, again, the very moral courage of the act ought to save him from being a loser by his avowal. This will more particularly be the case, if they give his book a perusal, for there they will find a calmness, a purity, and a geniality of feeling, as captivating to the affections of the reader, as the temperance of statement must be respectable in the eyes of his judgment.

Nor, it must be owned, is the learned professor's logic to be despised. To allege of these phenomena that they are "obviously incredible and impossible, and therefore to be rejected without inquiry," involves, he says, a complete *petitio principii*, or begging of the question. A pretension to know what is, or what is not impossible, is, in the present state of science, ludicrous. There are, indeed, some things which we *know* to be impossible—as that two and two could make more than four, or that the three angles of any triangle could make more than two right angles. But the facts in question are not of this character. They are at the utmost difficult to explain—which is the case of many facts which are admitted. A philosopher, for example, is entitled to assume, but he cannot *explain*, the law of gravitation. The laws of heat, light, electricity, magnetism, are in the same state. In answer to the allegation of deceit, it may be said, this being brought forward without inquiry, is merely one hypothesis against another. Some of the facts are irreconcilable with it; for example, the acceleration of the pulse, the fixed state of the pupil of the eye, and the cataleptic rigidity of the muscles. As to the many failures in public exhibitions—"were any man," says the professor, "to fail in the simple experiment of dipping his finger, without injury, into red-hot melted lead, and to burn himself severely, we should not be justified in denying the fact that it may be done with impunity. A thousand failures could only prove that we did not perform, or know how to perform, the experiment properly; that we did not know, or did not attend to, the conditions necessary to success; and one successful trial would outweigh them all. Precisely so is it," adds our author, "with animal magnetism."

What Dr. Gregory demands is only that the alleged facts should be inquired into. "When the

* Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism. By William Gregory, M. D., F. R. S. E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London : Taylor, Walton, and Maberly. Pp. 528.

witnesses are numerous, their character unimpeached, and the fact not physically or mathematically impossible, caution is not entitled to go further than to say, 'I am not satisfied; I must inquire into these things.' If he [the sceptic] will not or cannot investigate them, let him in decency be silent." It may be added, that Dr. Gregory disapproves of public exhibitions, and all regarding of the subject as a matter of amusement. He sees it to be a new and most important section of nature, and he desires it to be approached in a philosophic spirit, and brought to use only for the relief of suffering and the general benefit of mankind.

A large portion of the volume is occupied with detail of the lower phenomena, respecting which the public is already pretty well informed. The author afterwards goes on to treat of sympathy and clairvoyance. The former involves community of sensation and emotion between the patient and his magnetizer. It also, in many cases, involves *thought-reading*; a perfect consciousness on the part of the patient of the ideas passing through the mind of the operator, even those referring to past times. Of patients with this degree of lucidity, some have announced things once known to the experimenter, but forgotten. Dr. Gregory, however, surmises that this phenomenon may not be dependent on sympathy, but on that simple extension of knowledge which arises from clairvoyance. Another result of sympathy is the ability to tell of the bodily state of the operator—describing, for example, a diseased condition of the brain or heart, and announcing the sensations of those organs. Professor Gregory assures us of his having himself fully ascertained that this may be done in the absence of the individual, through the medium of a lock of hair, or any object that has been in contact with the person; even a recent specimen of handwriting. "Sympathy," remarks our author, "is widely diffused as a natural spontaneous occurrence.

* * * How often does an inexplicable something warn certain persons that an absent and dearly-beloved friend or relation is in danger or dying! This is an effect of sympathy. Every one has heard, in his own circle, of numerous instances of it. I am informed, for example, by a lady nearly related to me, that her mother always had such a warning at the time when any near and dear friend died. This occurred so often as to leave no doubt whatever of the fact. It happened that this lady more than once made the voyage to and from India, and that during the voyage she on several occasions said to her daughter and to others, 'I feel certain that such a person is dead.' On reaching port, these perceptions were always found to be true."

Cclairvoyance occurs both in the sleep and in a conscious but still magnetic state, and it appears in various degrees of lucidity and power in different persons. The number of specialities connected with it is too great to be detailed here. The general fact, however, is a power of seeing objects at a distance, persons unknown to the patient in a waking state, and even individuals long dead. We select a case of the simplest kind, referring to individuals, some of whom are known to ourselves. "At the house of Dr. Schmitz, rector of the High School here, I saw a little boy of about nine years of age put into the magnetic sleep by a young man of seventeen. As the boy was said to be clairvoyant, I requested him, through his magnetizer, whom alone he heard, to visit mentally my house, which was nearly a mile off, and perfectly unknown to him. He said he would, and soon, when asked,

began to describe the back drawing-room, in which he saw a sideboard with glasses, and on the sideboard a singular apparatus, which he described. In fact, this room, although I had not told him so, is used as a dining-room, and has a sideboard, on which stood at that moment glasses; and an apparatus for preparing soda-water, which I had brought from Germany, and which was then quite new in Edinburgh. I then requested him, after he had mentioned some other details, to look at the front room, in which he described two small portraits, most of the furniture, mirrors, ornamental glasses, and the position of the pianoforte, which is very unusual. Being asked whom he saw in the room, he replied, only a lady, whose dress he described, and a boy. This I ascertained to be correct at that time. As it was just possible that this might have been done by thought-reading, although I could detect no trace of any sympathy with me, I then requested Dr. Schmitz to go into another room, and there to do whatever he pleased, while we should try whether the boy could see what he did. Dr. Schmitz took with him his son; and when the sleeper was asked to look into the other room, he began to laugh, and said that Theodore (Dr. Schmitz's son) was a funny boy, and was gesticulating in a particular way with his arms, while Dr. Schmitz stood looking on. He then said that Theodore had left the room, and after a while that he had returned; then that Theodore was jumping about; and, being asked about Dr. Schmitz, declined more than once to say, not liking to tell, as he said, but at last told us that he also was jumping about. Lastly, he said Dr. Schmitz was beating his son, not with a stick, although he saw a stick in the room, but with a roll of paper. All this did not occupy more than seven or eight minutes; and when Dr. Schmitz returned, I at once gave him the above account of his proceedings, which he, much astonished, declared to be correct in every particular. Here thought-reading was absolutely impossible; for neither I, nor any one present, had the least idea of what Dr. Schmitz was to do; nor, indeed, had Dr. Schmitz himself, till I suggested it, known that such an experiment was to be tried. I am, therefore, perfectly satisfied that the boy actually saw what was done; for to suppose that he had guessed it appears to me a great deal more wonderful."

Major Buckley is an amateur magnetist of great activity, with some peculiarities of practice, which need not be dwelt upon. He has brought 142 persons, almost all of the upper classes, into a state of lucidity. A favorite experiment with him is to cause gentlemen to purchase a quantity of those nuts which are to be had in confectioners' shops, having mottoes enclosed, and to bring these to his patient, who will read the motto within. He has had forty-four persons capable of performing this feat. "The longest motto read by any of them was one containing ninety-eight words. Many subjects will read motto after motto without one mistake. In this way the mottoes contained in 4860 nutshells have been read." "Sir T. Willshire took home with him a nest of boxes belonging to Major Buckley, and placed in the inner box a slip of paper, on which he had written a word. Some days later he brought back the boxes, sealed up in paper, and asked one of Major Buckley's clairvoyants to read the word. Major Buckley made passes over the boxes, when she said she saw the word 'Concert.' Sir T. Willshire declared that she was right as to the first and last letters, but that the

word was different. She persisted, when he told her that the word was 'Correct.' But on opening the boxes, the word proved to be 'Concert.' This case is very remarkable; for, had the clairvoyant read the word by thought-reading, she would have read it according to the belief of Sir T. Willshire, who had either intended to write 'correct,' or, in the interval, forgot that he had written 'concert,' but certainly believed the former to be the word."

Dr. Gregory publishes a letter from a clergyman, regarding a poor man named James Smith, residing at Whalsey, in Shetland, who has lately been attracting local attention as a clairvoyant. The reverend writer went, full of incredulity, to test the reality of the matter, and, most unexpectedly to himself, was forced to own that there could be no deception in it. "One evening, after he had been thrown into the mesmeric sleep, my friend and fellow-traveller asked him to accompany him to a certain place which he was thinking of, but the name or locality of which he did not mention, nor in the least hint at. The clairvoyant described the house, first the outside, with 'big trees' round it, then several rooms in the interior; and, being directed to enter a particular apartment, which was indicated to him by its position, he described the appearance and occupation of a gentleman and two ladies who were in it; declared that he saw a picture over the mantelpiece; and, being further questioned, deponed that it was the picture of a man, and that there was a name below it; and being urged to read the name, after experiencing some difficulty with the penmanship, he affirmed that the last word of the name was 'Wood,' which he slowly but correctly spelt. The house was near Edinburgh; and when we came to compare notes, on our return from Shetland, we found that the description of the individuals in the room at the time had been quite correct; and we saw over the mantelpiece a print of the Rev. J. J. Wood, of Dumfries, with his name written below."

The narrator continues—"He went in search of Sir John Franklin, and found the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, spelling the name of each on the stern of the vessel. I am sorry now that I did not make such full and explicit inquiries upon this subject as its importance, and the interest attaching to it, deserve; or as it would have been proper to institute, in order to compare the statements of this clairvoyant with those of others. During the time when I had him in hand, my experiments were almost entirely of a kind which were fitted to be conclusive upon the spot. However, I heard him declare that the *Erebus* was fast locked up; that those on board were alive, but in low spirits; and that, in answer to his inquiries, they said that they had little hope of making their escape. He affirmed that there was water for a certain distance round the *Terror*, but that she was not clear of the ice. Of course I gave no opinion as to the correctness of these revelations. The date when they were made was about the 22d of August, 1850. When sent to these northern regions, and as long as he was kept there, he appeared to be shivering with cold, and declared the cold to be intense."

A clairvoyant girl, of humble grade, under the care of Dr. Haddock, of Leeds, (her name is given as E—,) who has been remarkably successful in many cases where a test was applicable, had a specimen of the handwriting of Sir John Franklin submitted to her in the course of the winter before last. She found the unfortunate navigator in one of two vessels, fixed in ice, and surrounded with

walls of snow. "She described," says Professor Gregory, "the dress, mode of life, food, &c., of the crews. She saw and described Sir John, and said that he still hoped to get out, but was much surprised that no vessels had come to assist him. She frequently spoke of his occupations, and when asked the time of day, found it either by looking at a timepiece in the cabin, or by consulting Sir John's watch. During the winter and spring of 1849-50, and part of the summer of 1850, she uniformly indicated the same difference of time, which I cannot at present give precisely, but which was nearly seven hours. At whatever hour she was magnetized and sent there, she always made the same difference. Nay more, when the time there was nine or ten A. M., (four or five P. M. at Bolton,) she would say that such was the hour, but that it was still dark, and lights were burning in the early part of summer. Now, it is quite absurd to suppose that this totally uneducated girl has any notion of the relation of longitude to time, or of the difference between an arctic day and one in our latitude. E— also, being shown the handwriting of several of the officers of the expedition, found and described them. One was dead, (shelled as she said, when she was asked.) Another, at a later period, was dangerously frostbitten, but recovered. She said, that in one of the ships the provisions were exhausted, but that the other contained provisions. She described the fish, seals, and other animals hunted and killed for food and oil by the crews. Of, or rather to, one officer she said that he was the doctor, although not dressed like a doctor, but, like the rest, in skins; that he was first-rate shot, and was fond of killing animals to preserve them. (This is really the case with Mr. Goodsir, whose writing she was then examining.) She added a multitude of curious details, for which I have no space, and they will no doubt be published by Dr. Haddock. But I may mention, that on a Sunday afternoon, in February, 1850, she said it was about ten A. M. there, and described the captain (Sir John) as reading prayers to the crew, who knelt in a circle, with their faces upwards, looking to him, and appearing very sorrowful. She even named the chapter of St. Mark's gospel which he read on that occasion. She also spoke, on one occasion, of Sir John as dejected, which he was not before, and said that the men tried to cheer him up. She further spoke of their burning coarse oil and fish refuse for warmth, and drinking a finer oil for the same purpose. All this time she continued to give the same difference of time, from which the longitude might be calculated. This time, seven hours, or nearly, from Bolton, gives a west longitude of about 100° to 115° , which corresponds very well with the probable position of Sir John. But, at a later period, all of a sudden she gave a difference of time of somewhere between six and seven hours, indicating that the ships had moved eastward. She was not, after this, quite so uniform in the difference of time as before, and seemed not to see it so clearly; but she persisted that they had moved homeward: and, if we take about $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours as the later difference, this would indicate a longitude of about $97^{\circ} 30' W.$ After this change she also said that Sir John had been met and relieved, and has always since then seen three ships, which, for a long time past, are said by her to be frozen up together. The last observation of which I have heard, 17th February, 1851, gave a longitude of $101^{\circ} 45' W.$ At the

same time, from Captain Austin's writing, which has also been frequently tried, she gave for him the longitude of $95^{\circ} 45' W.$ She does not know whose ship it is, that, according to her, has met with Franklin, but she still speaks of three ships together. I should add, that when E— has been sent there at such an hour and season that it was night in those latitudes, she has quite spontaneously described the aurora borealis, which she once saw, as an arch, rising as if from the ground at one end, and descending to it again at the other. From this arch colored streamers rose upwards, and some of these curved backwards. She was much surprised and delighted with it, and asked if that was the country the rainbow came from. She had never been told anything whatever about the aurora, and knows nothing of it."

The reader will appreciate the degree of confidence which a believer in clairvoyance will repose in this interesting vaticination, when he learns what is said to have been accomplished in other cases by E—. Having been shown the handwriting of a Mr. W. Willey, and his friend Mr. Morgan, who were travelling in California, she gave an account, which was found to be quite correct, of their persons and occupations, and of various occurrences connected with them. She described Mr. Morgan as ill of a fever, and as having had a dream regarding his wife coming to see him. She also said that he had fallen overboard. All of these particulars, and many others, though quite unknown at the time in England, proved true. Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Baronet, having received a letter from a lady in London, in "which the loss of a gold watch, supposed to have been stolen, was mentioned, sent the letter to Dr. Haddock, to see whether E— could trace the watch. She very soon saw the lady, and described her accurately. She also described minutely the house and furniture, and said she saw the marks of the watch (the phrase she employs for the traces left by persons or things, probably luminous to her) on a certain table. It had, she said, a gold dial-plate, gold figures, and a gold chain with square links; in the letter it was simply called a gold watch, without any description. She said it had been taken by a young woman, whom she described, not a habitual thief, who felt alarmed at what she had done, but still thought her mistress would not suspect her. She added, that she would be able to point out the writing of the thief. On this occasion, as is almost always the case with E—, she spoke to the person seen, as if conversing with her, and was very angry with her. Sir W. Trevelyan sent this information, and requested the writing of all the servants in the house to be sent. In answer, the lady stated, that E—'s description exactly applied to one of her two maids, but that her suspicions rested on the other. She also sent several pieces of writing, including that of both maids. E— instantly selected that of the girl she had described, became very angry, and said: 'You are thinking of pretending to find the watch, and restoring it, but you took it—you know you did.' Before Sir W. Trevelyan's letter, containing this information, had reached the lady, he received another letter, in which he was informed that the girl indicated as the thief by E— had brought back the watch, saying she had found it. In this case Sir W. Trevelyan was at a great distance from Bolton, and, even had he been present, he knew nothing of the house, the watch, or the

persons concerned, except the lady, so that, even had he been in Bolton, and beside the clairvoyante, thought-reading was out of the question. I have seen, in the possession of Sir Walter, all the letters which passed, and I consider the case as demonstrating the existence of sympathetic clairvoyance at a great distance."

It chances, that while this article was in preparation, we received a communication containing an account of a domestic experiment in clairvoyance, performed under the care of a gentleman previously incredulous, but who is now converted to a different way of thinking. It is not of uncommon interest in itself; perhaps it rather falls below the average in this respect; but it has an important feature in being reported by a gentleman perfectly known to us, and who is also pretty generally known throughout a large district in the south of Scotland as a man of probity, and by no means of a facile character. We therefore append it:—

" Cleuchfoot, April 21, 1851.

" A young lady, Miss M——, being here on a visit, was put into a mesmeric trance by a young gentleman, Mr. W——, son of my worthy friend, a clergyman of the established church. Mr. W—— then asked the young lady to accompany him to the manse. To this she at first objected, on the ground of not being acquainted. This scruple being got over, they entered a carriage, and drove off. Mr. W—— then said, ' You are in the manse dining-room; look round, and tell us what you see.' She replied, ' I see the minister sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, and doing nothing.' She was then asked if she saw any other person in the room—she said, ' I see Mrs. A—— sitting sewing at the end window.' Asked color of the seam—she said, ' White.' Saw no other person in the room. Looked round again, and said, ' Mrs. A—— had left the room.' Then asked if she saw any paintings in the room—she said, ' Three.' Mr. W—— said, ' Look round again;' when she said, ' I see other two—five in all.' She said she saw the portraits of a lady and gentleman above the fireplace. Asked to read the name—she said, ' The duke.' Asked what duke—she said, ' Buccleuch.'

" She was then asked to read the name at the bottom of another portrait—she said, ' There was a mist before her eyes, she could not read; but it began with G.' Asked the number of windows—she said, ' Two.' Asked the color of the window-curtains—she said, ' Red;' the color of the table-cover in the middle of the room—she said, ' Red.' Asked if there was a bookcase in the room—she said, ' Yes; near the end window.'

" I wrote down the above answers as they were given, in presence of two other ladies and a gentleman. I rode to the manse next day, in company with Mr. W——, (a distance of four miles,) and after a rigorous inquiry, we found the above answers of the clairvoyante accurate to the very letter.

" Now here is a case of clairvoyance liable to no possible objection. Collusion, from the character of the parties, is out of the question; and from the circumstances, impossible. The lady had never been in the manse but once when a girl; and when out of the mesmeric state, she had no idea of anything which the house contained. It is worthy of notice that the red table-cover had not been used except for some time that forenoon, and was not on the table next day when we arrived. Miss M—— knows that two young ladies lived in the manse,

but them she could not be made to see; and they were from home, unknown to the clairvoyante.

WALTER TOD."

Dr. Gregory thinks that the oracles, and many other of the so-called impostures of antiquity—second-sight among ourselves, and the magic mirror of Dr. Dee—may yet be explained "as connected with animal magnetism in some of its innumerable developments." Assuming that there is such a thing as spontaneous clairvoyance amongst us—that is, clairvoyance without the use of external means to bring it on, and perhaps the result of a diseased condition of the nervous system—it is very certain that such a person in early superstitious ages would be looked upon as endowed with supernatural knowledge. To eke it out, or mix it up with imposture, and convert it to the support of a religious system, would also be very natural. If the facts of clairvoyance be ever generally admitted as scientific truths, it will be a curious consideration that such things may be more readily embraced in a superstitious than in a scientific age—science thus appearing as more calculated to limit than to enlarge the bounds of knowledge. The reason is, that science, from its own peculiar methods, tends to create an exclusive favor for things perceptible to the senses, and to set at nought, if not utterly condemn, the whole range of things spiritual. Here we find ourselves on the borders of one of the great questions of our time—one which threatens to lead to serious collisions ere many years go about. But we must refrain from speculation. Suffice it that we bring before our readers even these imperfect illustrations of a curious topic of the day, leaving the candid to inquire, and the egotistic to rest satisfied that they, without any inquiry, know a great deal better how things really stand in respect of animal magnetism than those who, having seen, now believe.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF DR. JOHNSON.—It is not generally known that Dr. Johnson was a constant attendant at the service in St. Clement Danes Church, in one of the pews of which he had a seat for many years. The circumstance had almost been forgotten, when the present churchwarden, Mr. Spencer, instituted some inquiries, in order that a tablet should be placed in memory of the great lexicographer. The result was, that a correspondence took place between the churchwarden and the Rev. Dr. Croly, which clearly established the fact, that the learned doctor always sat in No. 18 pew in the north gallery, and against the large pillar at the end. The churchwarden, the late churchwarden, Mr. Spillman, and one or two other friends, determined that the pillar should bear a testimonial recording the interesting fact; and Dr. Croly was requested to write the inscription. This he cordially agreed to, and on a neat brass tablet, in the place and on the pillar above referred to, will be found the graceful tribute to a great man's memory, from the pen of the eloquent rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, Dr. Croly:—"In this pew and beside this pillar, for many years attended divine service, the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, the philosopher, the poet, the great lexicographer, the profound moralist and chief writer of his time. Born 1709; died 1784. In the remembrance and honor of noble faculties, nobly employed, some inhabitants of the parish of St. Clement Danes have placed this slight memorial, A. D. 1851." This "slight" but lasting memorial, at the cost of the churchwardens, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Spillman, and one or two others, has just been placed on the great pillar, and the pew and the identical seat occupied by the "profound moralist" are objects of much interest.

From *Household Words*.

THE METROPOLITAN PROTECTIVES.

NERVOUS old ladies, dyspeptic half-pay officers, suspicious quidnuncs, plot-dreading diplomatists, and grudging rate-payers, all having the fear of the forthcoming industrial invasion before their eyes, are becoming very anxious respecting the adequate efficiency of the London Police. Horrible rumors are finding their way into most of the clubs ; reports are permeating into the tea-parties of suburban dawagers which darkly shadow forth dire mischief and confusion, the most insignificant result whereof is to be (of course) the overthrow of the British Constitution. Conspiracies of a comprehensive character are being hatched in certain back parlors, in certain back streets behind Mr. Cantelo's chicken establishment in Leicester Square. A complicated web of machination is being spun—we have it on the authority of a noble peer—against the integrity of the Austrian empire, at a small coffee-shop in Soho. Prussia is being menaced by twenty-four determined Poles and Honveds in the attics of a cheap *restaurateur* in the Haymarket. Lots are being cast for the assassination of Louis Napoleon, in the inner parlors of various cigar shops. America, as we learn from that mighty lever of the civilized world, the “ *New York Weekly Herald* ”—at whose nod, it is well known, kings tremble on their thrones, and the earth shakes—is of opinion that the time bids fair for a descent of Red Republicans on Manchester. The English policemen have been tampered with, and are suborned. The great Mr. Justice Maule can't find one anywhere. In short, the peace of the entire continent of Europe may be considered as already gone. When the various conspiracies now on foot are ripe, the armies of the disaffected of all nations which are to land at the various British ports under pretence of “ assisting ” at the Great Glass show, are to be privately and confidentially drilled in secret *Champs de Mars*, and armed with weapons, stealthily abstracted from the Tower of London ; while the metropolitan police and the guards, both horse and foot, will fraternize, and (to a man) pretend to be fast asleep.

Neither have our prudent prophets omitted to foretell minor disasters. Gangs of burglars from the counties of Surrey, Sussex, and Lancashire, are also to fraternize in London, and to “ rifle, mob, and plunder,” as uninterruptedly as if every man's house were a mere Castle of Andalusia. Pickpockets—not in single spies, but in whole battalions—are to arrive from Paris and Vienna, and are to fall into compact organization (through the medium of interpreters) with the united swell-mobs of London, Liverpool, and Manchester !

In short, it would appear that no words can express our fearful condition, so well as Mr. Croaker's in “ *The Good-Natured Man*. ” “ I am so frightened,” says he, “ that I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps at this moment I am treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder ! We shall be all burnt in our beds ! ”

Now, to the end that the prophets and their disciples may rest quietly in *their* beds, we have benevolently abandoned our own bed for some three nights or so, in order to report the results of personal inquiry into the condition and system of the protective police of the metropolis :—the detective police has been already described in the first volume

of “ *Household Words*. ” If, after our details of the patience, promptitude, order, vigilance, zeal, and judgment, which watch over the peace of the huge Babylon when she sleeps, the fears of the most apprehensive be not dispelled, we shall have quitted our pillow, and plied our pen in vain ! But we have no such distrust.

Although the metropolitan police force consists of nineteen superintendents, one hundred and twenty-four inspectors, five hundred and eighty-five sergeants, and four thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven constables, doing duty at twenty-five stations ; yet, so uniform is the order of proceeding in all, and so fairly can the description of what is done at one station be taken as a specimen of what is done at the others, that, without further preface, we shall take the reader into custody, and convey him at once to the police station, in Bow Street, Covent Garden.

A policeman keeping watch and ward at the wicket gives us admission, and we proceed down a long passage into an outer room, where there is a barrack bedstead, on which we observe Police-constable Clark, newly relieved, asleep, and snoring most portentously—a little exhausted, perhaps, by nine hours' constant walking on his beat. In the right-hand corner of this room—which is a bare room, like a guard-house without the drums and muskets—is a dock, a space railed off for prisoners ; opposite, a window breast-high, at which an inspector always presides, day and night, to hear charges. Passing by a corner-door into his office on the other side of this window, we find it much like any other office—inky, dull, and quiet—papers stuck against the walls—perfect library of old charges on shelves overhead—stools and desks—a hall-porter's chair, little used—gaslights—firesober clock. At one desk stands a policeman, duly coated and caped, looking stiffly over his glazed stock at a handbill he is copying. Two inspectors sit near, working away at a great rate with noisy pens that sound like little rattles.

The clock points a quarter before nine. One of the inspectors takes under his arm a slate, the night's muster roll, and an orderly book. He proceeds to the yard. The gas jet, shining from the office through its window, and a couple of street lamps indistinctly light the place.

On the appearance of the inspecting officer in the yard, and at the sound of the word “ *Attention !* ” about seventy white faces, peering out above half-a-dozen parallel lines of dark figures, fall into military ranks in “ *open order*. ” A man from each section—a sergeant—comes forward to form the staff of the commanding officer. The roll is called over, and certain men are told off as a reserve, to remain at the station for any exigencies that may arise. The book is then opened, and the inspector reads aloud a series of warnings. P. C. John Jones, J., No. 202, was discovered drunk on duty on such a day, and dismissed the force. Sergeant Jenkins did not report that a robbery had been complained of in such a street, and is suspended for a month. The whole division are then enlightened as to the names, addresses, ages, and heights of all persons who have been “ *missing* ” from a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross (the police definition of the metropolis) since the previous night ; as to the colors of their hair, eyes, and clothes ; as to the cut of their coats, the fashion and material of their gowns, the shape of their hats or bonnets, and the make of their boots. So minute and definite are all these personal descriptions, that a P. C.

(the official ellipsis for Police Constable) must be very sleepy, or unusually dull of observation, if, in the event of his meeting with any of these missing individuals, he does not put them in train of restoration to their anxious friends. Lost articles of property are then enumerated and described with equal exactness. When we reflect that the same routine is being performed at the same moment at the head of every police regiment or division in the metropolis, it seems extraordinary how any thing or person can be lost in London. Among the trifles enumerated as "found," are a horse and cart, a small dog, a brooch, a baby, and a firkin of butter.

Emotion is no part of a policeman's duty. If felt, it must be suppressed: he listens as stolidly to the following account of the baby, as to the history of the horse and cart, the little dog, the brooch, and the butter.

S. DIVISION. Found, at eight and a quarter P. M., on the 2nd instant, by [a gentleman named], of Bayham Street, Camden Town, on the step of his door, the body of a new-born Infant, tied up in a Holland Bag. Had on a Calico Bedgown and Muslin Cap, trimmed with Satin Ribbon. Also a Note, stating, "Any one who finds this precious burthen, pay him the last duties which a Mother—much in distress and trouble of mind—is unable to do. May the blessing of God be on you !"

The book is closed. The mother, "much in distress and trouble of mind," is shut up with it; and the inspector proceeds to make his inspection. He marches past each rank. The men, one by one, produce their kit; consisting of lantern, rattle, and staff. He sees that each man is clean and properly provided for the duties of the night. Returning to his former station amidst the sergeants, he gives the word "Close up!"

The men now form a compact body, and the sergeants take their stand at the head of their respective ranks. But, before this efficient body of troops deploy to their various beats, they are addressed by the superior officer much as a colonel harangues his regiment before going into action. The inspector's speech—sharp and pithily delivered—is something to this effect:—

"Now, men, I must again beg of you to be very careful in your examination of empty houses. See that the doors are fast; and, if not, search for any persons unlawfully concealed therein. Number nineteen section will allow no destitute parties to herd together under the Adelphi arches. Section number twenty-four will be very particular in insisting on all gentlemen's carriages [it is an opera night] keeping the rank, close to the kerb-stone, and in cautioning the coachmen not to leave their horses. Be sure and look sharp after flower-girls. Offering flowers for sale is a pretence. The girls are either beggars or thieves; but you must exercise great caution. You must not interfere with them unless you actually hear them asking charity, or see them trying pockets, or engaged in actual theft. The chief thing, however, is the empty houses; thieves get from them into the adjoining premises, and then there's a burglary.—'Tention, to the left face, march!'"

The sections march off in Indian file, and the inspector returns to his office by one door, while the half-dozen "reserves" go into the outer room by another. The former now buttons on his great-coat; and, after supper, will visit every beat in the division, to see that the men are at their duties. The other inspector remains, to take the charges.

A small man, who gives his name, Mr. Spills,

(or for whom that name will do in this place as well as another,) presents himself at the half-open window to complain of a gentleman now present, who is stricken in years, bald, well dressed, staid in countenance, respectable in appearance, and exceedingly drunk. He gazes at his accuser from behind the dock, with lack-lustre penitence, as that gentleman elaborates his grievance to the patient inspector; who, out of a tangle of digressions and innuendoes dashed with sparkling scraps of club-room oratory, extracts—not without difficulty—the substance of the complaint, and reduces it to a charge of "drunk and disorderly." The culprit, it seems, not half an hour ago—purely by accident—found his way into Craven street, Strand. Though there are upwards of forty doors in Craven street, he would kick, and thump, and batter the complainant's door. No other door would do. The complainant don't know why; the delinquent don't know why; nobody knows why. No entreaty, no expostulation, no threat, could induce him to transfer his favors to any other door in the neighborhood. He was a perfect stranger to Mr. Spills; yet, when Mr. Spills presented himself at the gate of his castle, in answer to the thundering summons, the prisoner insisted on finishing the evening at the domestic supper-table of the Spills family. Finally, the prisoner emphasized his claim on Mr. Spills' hospitality by striking Mr. Spills on the mouth. This led to his being immediately handed over to the custody of a P. C.

The defendant answers the usual questions, as to name and condition, with a drowsy indifference peculiar to the muddled. But, when the inspector asks his age, a faint ray of his spirit shines through him. What is that to the police? Have they anything to do with the census? They may lock him up, fine him, put him in jail, work him on the tread-mill, if they like. All this is in their power; he knows the law well enough, sir; but they can't make him tell his age—and he won't—won't do it, sir!—At length, after having been mildly pressed, and cross-examined, and coaxed, he passes his fingers through the few gray hairs that fringe his bald head, and suddenly roars:

"Well, then:—Five-and-twenty!"

All the policemen laugh. The prisoner—but now triumphant in his retort—checks himself, endeavors to stand erect, and surveys them with defiance.

"Have you anything about you, you would like us to take care of?" This is the usual apology for searching a drunken prisoner: searches cannot be enforced except in cases of felony.

Before the prisoner can answer, one of the reserves eases him of his property. Had his adventures been produced in print, they could scarcely have been better described than by the following articles:—a pen-knife, an empty sandwich-box, a bunch of keys, a bird's-eye handkerchief, a sovereign, fivepence in half-pence, a tooth-pick, and a pocket-book. From his neck is drawn a watch-guard, cut through—no watch.

When he is sober, he will be questioned as to his loss; a description of the watch, with its maker's name and number, will be extracted from him; it will be sent round to every station; and, by this time to-morrow night, every pawnbroker in the metropolis will be asked whether such a watch has been offered as a pledge. Most probably it will be recovered, and restored before he has time to get tipsy again—and when he has, he will probably lose it again.

"When shall I have to appear before the magistrate?" asks the prosecutor.

"At ten o'clock to-morrow morning,"—and so ends that case.

There is no peace for the inspector. During the twenty-four hours he is on duty, his window is constantly framing some new picture. For some minutes, a brown face with bright black eyes has been peering impatiently from under a quantity of tangled black hair and a straw hat behind Mr. Spills. It now advances to the window.

"Have you got e'er a gypsy woman here, sir?"
"No gypsy woman to-night."

"Thank'e, sir;" and the querist retires to repeat this new reading of "Shepherds, I have lost my love," at every other station-house, till he finds her—and bails her.

Most of the constables who have been relieved from duty by the nine o'clock men have now dropped in, and are detailing anything worthy of a report to their respective sergeants. The sergeants enter these occurrences on a printed form. Only one is presented now:—

P. C. 67 reports that, at 5½ p. m., a boy, named Philip Isaac was knocked down, in Bow street, by a horse belonging to Mr. Parks, a News-vender. He was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, and sent home, slightly bruised.

The inspector has not time to file this document before an earnest-looking man comes to the window. Something has happened which evidently causes him more pain than resentment.

"I am afraid we have been robbed. My name is Parker, of the firm of Parker and Tide, Upholsterers. This afternoon, at three o'clock, our clerk handed to a young man who is our collector, (he is only nineteen,) about ninety-six pounds, to take to the bank. He ought to have been back in about fifteen minutes; but he had n't come back at six o'clock. I went to the bank to see if the cash had been paid in, and it had not."

"Be good enough to describe his person and dress, sir," says the inspector, taking out a printed form called "a route."

These are minutely detailed and recorded. "Has he any friends or relatives in London?"

The applicant replies by describing the residence and condition of the youth's father and uncle. The inspector orders "ninety-two," (one of the reserves) to go with the gentleman, "and see what he can make of it." The misguided delinquent's chance of escape will be lessened every minute. Not only will his usual haunts be visited in the course of the night by ninety-two; but his description will be known, before morning, by every police officer on duty. This route—which is now being copied by a reserve into a book—will be passed on, presently, to the next station. There, it will again be copied; passed on to the next; copied; forwarded—and so on until it shall have made the circuit of all the metropolitan stations. In the morning, that description will be read to the men going on duty. "Long neck, ligh hair, brown clothes, low crowned hat," and so on.

A member of the E division throws a paper on the window-sill, touches his hat, exclaims, "Route, sir!" and departs.

The routes are coming in all night long. A lady has lost her purse in an omnibus. Here is a description of the supposed thief—a woman who sat next to the lady—and here are the dates and numbers of the bank notes, inscribed on the paper

with exactness. On the back, is an entry of the hour at which the paper was received at, and sent away from, every station to which it has yet been. A reserve is called in to book the memorandum; and in a quarter of an hour he is off with it to the station next on the route. Not only are these notices read to the men at each relief, but the most important of them are inserted in the "Police Gazette," the especial literary organ of the force, which is edited by one of its members.

A well-dressed youth about eighteen years of age, now leans over the window to bring himself as near to the inspector as possible. He whispers in a broad Scotch accent:

"I am destitute. I came up from Scotland to find one Saunders M'Alpine, and I can't find him, and I have spent all my money. I have not a farthing left. I want a night's lodging."

"Reserve!" The inspector wastes no words in a case like this.

"Sir."

"Go over to the relieving officer, and ask him to give this young man a night in the casual ward."

The policeman and the half-shamed suppliant go out together.

"That is a genuine tale," remarks the inspector.

"Evidently a fortune-seeking young Scotchman," we venture to conjecture, "who has come to London upon too slight an invitation, and with too slender a purse. He has an honest face, and won't know want long. He may die lord mayor."

The inspector is not sanguine in such cases. "He may," he says.

There is a great commotion in the outer office. Looking through the window, we see a stout, bustling woman, who announces herself as a complainant, three female witnesses, and two policemen. This solemn procession moves towards the window; yet we look in vain for a prisoner. The prisoner is in truth invisible on the floor of the dock, so one of his guards is ordered to mount him on a bench. He is a handsome, dirty, curly-headed boy, about the age of seven, though he says he is nine. The prosecutrix makes her charge.

"Last Sunday, sir, (if you please, sir, I keep a cigar and stationer's shop,) this here little creetur breaks one of my windows, and the moment after, I loses a box of paints!"

"Value!" asks the inspector, already entering the charge, after one sharp look at the child.

"Value, sir? Well, I'll say eight-pence. Well, sir, to-night again, just before shutting up, I hears another pane go smash. I looks out, and I sees this same little creetur a running aways. I runs after him, and hands him over to the police."

The child does not exhibit the smallest sign of fear or sorrow. He does not even whimper. He tells his name and address, when asked them, in a straightforward, business-like manner, as if he were quite used to the whole proceeding. He is locked up; and the prosecutrix is desired to appear before the magistrate in the morning to substantiate her charge.

"A child so young, a professional thief!"

"Ah! These are the most distressing cases we have to deal with. The number of children brought here, either as prisoners, or as having been lost, is from five to six thousand per annum. Juvenile crime and its forerunner—the neglect of children by their parents—is still on the increase. That's the experience of the whole force."

"If some place were provided at which neglected children could be made to pass their time, instead

of in the market and streets—say in industrial schools provided by the nation—juvenile delinquency would very much decrease!"—

"I believe, sir, (and I speak the sentiments, of many experienced officers in the force,) that it would be much lessened, and that the expense of such establishments would be saved in a very short time out of the police and county rates. Let alone morality altogether."

And the inspector resumes his writing. For a little while we are left to think, to the ticking of the clock.

There are six hundred and fifty-six gentlemen in the English House of Commons assembling in London. There is not one of those gentlemen who may not, in one week, if he choose, acquire as dismal a knowledge of the hell upon earth in which he lives, in regard of these children, as this inspector has—as we have—as no man can by possibility shut out, who will walk this town with open eyes observant of what is crying to God in the streets. If we were one of those six hundred and fifty-six, and had the courage to declare that we know the day must come when these children must be taken, by the strong hand, out of our shameful public ways, and must be rescued—when the State must (no will, or will not, in the case, but must) take up neglected and ignorant children where-soever they are found, severely punishing the parents when they can be found, too, and forcing them, if they have any means of existence, to contribute something towards the reclamation of their offspring, but, never again entrusting them with the duties they have abandoned;—if we were to say this, and were to add that as the day must come, it cannot come too soon, and had best come now—Red Tape would rise against us in ten thousand shapes of virtuous opposition, and cocks would crow, and donkeys would bray, and owls would hoot, and strangers would be espied, and houses would be counted out, and we should be satisfactorily put down. Meanwhile, in Aberdeen, the horror has risen to that height, that against the law, the authorities have by force swept their streets clear of these unchristian objects, and have, to the utmost extent of their illegal power, successfully done this very thing. Do none of the six hundred and fifty-six know of it—do none of them look into it—do none of them lay down their newspapers when they read of a baby sentenced for the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, time to imprisonment and whipping, and ask themselves the question, "Is there any earthly thing this child can do when this new sentence is fulfilled, but steal again, and be again imprisoned and again flogged, until, a precocious human devil, it is shipped away to corrupt a new world?" Do none of the six hundred and fifty-six care to walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel—to look into Wentworth street—to stray into the lanes of Westminster—to go into a prison almost within the shadow of their own Victoria Tower—to see with their eyes and hear with their ears, what such childhood is, and what escape it has from being what it is? Well! Red Tape is easier, and tells for more in blue books, and will give you a committee five years long if you like, to inquire whether the wind ever blows, or the rain ever falls—and then you can talk about it, and do nothing.

Our meditations are suddenly interrupted.

"Here's a pretty business!" cries a pale man, in a breathless hurry, at the window. "Somebody has been tampering with my door-lock!"

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Why, I live round the corner, and I had been to the Play, and I left my door on the lock, (it's a Chubb!) and I come back, and the lock won't act. It has been tampered with. There either are, or have been, thieves in the place!"

"Reserve!"

"Sir!"

"Take another man with you, and a couple of ladders, and see to this gentleman's house."

A sallow, anxious little man rushes in.

"O! you have n't seen anything of such a thing as a black and tan spaniel, have you?"

"Is it a spaniel dog we have got in the yard?" the inspector inquires of the jailer.

"No, sir, it's a brown terrier!"

"O! It can't be my dog then. A brown terrier! O! Good night, gentlemen! Thank you."

"Good night, sir."

The reserve just now despatched with the other man and the two ladders, returns, gruff-voiced and a little disgruntled.

"Well! what's up round the corner?"

"Nothing the matter with the lock, sir. I opened it with the key directly!"

We fall into a doze before the fire. Only one little rattle of a pen is springing now, for the other inspector has put on his great coat and gone out, to make the round of his beat and look after his men. We become aware in our sleep of a scuffling on the pavement outside. It approaches, and becomes noisy and hollow on the boarded floor within. We again repair to the window.

A very ill-looking woman in the dock. A very stupid little gentleman, very much overcome with liquor, and with his head extremely towzled, endeavoring to make out the meaning of two immovable policemen, and indistinctly muttering a desire to know "war it's awr abow."

"Well?" says the inspector, possessed of the case in a look.

"I was on duty, sir, in Lincoln's Inn Fields just now," says one of the policemen, "when I see this gent!"

Here, "this gent," with an air of great dignity, again observes, "Mirrer Insperrer, I requesherknow war it's awr ABOW."

"We'll hear you presently, sir. Go on!"

"—when I see this gent, in conversation again the railings with this woman. I requested him to move on, and observed his watch-guard hanging loose out of his pocket. 'You've lost your watch,' I said. Then I turned to her. 'And she's got it,' I said. 'I an't,' she said. Then she said, turning to him, 'You know you've been in company with many others to-night, flower-girls, and a lot more.' 'I shall take you,' I said, 'anyhow.' Then I turned my lantern on her, and saw this silver watch, with the glass broke, lying behind her on the stones. Then I took her into custody, and the other constable brought the gent along."

"Jailer!" says the inspector.

"Sir!"

"Keep your eye on her. Take care she don't make away with anything—and send for Mrs. Green."

The accused sits in a corner of the dock, quite composed, with her arms under her dirty shawl, and says nothing. The inspector folds a charge sheet, and dips his pen in the ink.

"Now, sir, your name, if you please?"

"Ba—a."

"That can't be your name, sir. What name does he say, constable?"

The second constable "seriously inclines his ear;" the gent being a short man, and the second constable a tall one. "He says his name's Bat, sir." (Getting at it after a good deal of trouble.)

"Where do you live, Mr. Bat?"

"Lamber."

"And what are you!—what business are you, Mr. Bat?"

"Fesher," says Mr. Bat, again collecting dignity.

"Profession, is it? Very good, sir. What's your profession?"

"Solirrer," returns Mr. Bat.

"Solicitor of Lambeth. Have you lost anything besides your watch, sir?"

"I am nor aware—lost—any—arrickle—pror-
tery," says Mr. Bat.

The inspector has been looking at the watch.

"What do you value this watch at, sir?"

"Ten pound," says Mr. Bat, with unexpected promptitude.

"Hardly worth so much as that, I should think!"

"Five pound five," says Mr. Bat. "I doro how much. I'm not par-TICK-ler," this word costs Mr. Bat a tremendous effort, "abow the war. It's not my war. It's a frez of my."

"If it belongs to a friend of yours, you would n't like to lose it, I suppose?"

"I doro," says Mr. Bat, "I'm nor any ways par-TICK-ler abow the war. It's a frez of my;" which he afterwards repeats at intervals, scores of times: always as an entirely novel idea.

Inspector writes. Brings charge-sheet to window. Reads same to Mr. Bat.

"You charge this woman, sir?"—her name, age, and address have been previously taken—"with robbing you of your watch. I won't trouble you to sign the sheet, as you are not in good writing order. You'll have to be here this morning—it's now two—at a quarter before ten."

"Never get up 'till har par," says Mr. Bat, with decision.

"You'll have to be here this morning," repeats the inspector placidly, "at a quarter before ten. If you don't come we shall have to send for you, and that might be unpleasant. Stay a bit. Now, look here. I have written it down. 'Mr. Bat to be in Bow street, quarter before ten.' Or I'll even say, to make it easier to you, a quarter past. There! 'Quarter past ten.' Now, let me fold this up and put it in your pocket; and when your landlady, or whoever it is at home, finds it there, she'll take care to call you."

All of which is elaborately done for Mr. Bat. A constable, who has skilfully taken a writ out of the unconscious Mr. Bat's pocket in the mean time, and has discovered from the indorsement that he has given his name and address correctly, receives instructions to put Mr. Bat into a cab and send him home.

"And, constable," says the inspector to the first man, musing over the watch as he speaks, "do you go back to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and look about, and you'll find, somewhere, the little silver pin belonging to the handle. She has done it in the usual way, and twisted the pin right out."

"What mawrer is it?" says Mr. Bat, staggering back again, "T' morrow-mawrer!"

"Not to-morrow morning. This morning."

"This mawrer?" says Mr. Bat. "How can it be this mawrer? War is this aur abow?"

As there is no present probability of his discovering "what it is all about," he is conveyed to his cab; and a very indignant matron with a very livid face, a trembling lip, and a violently heaving breast, presents herself.

"Which I wished to complain immediate of pleesemen forty-two and fifty three, and insists on the charge being took; and that I will substantiate before the magistrates to-morrow morning, and what is more will prove, and which is saying a great deal, sir!"

"You need n't be in a passion, you know, here, ma'am. Everything will be done correct."

"Which I am not in a passion sir, and everythink shalt be done correct, if you please!" drawing herself up with a look designed to freeze the whole division. "I make a charge immediate," very rapidly, "against pleesemen forty-two and fifty-three, and insists on the charge being took."

"I can't take it till I know what it is," returns the patient inspector, leaning on the window-sill, and making no hopeless effort, as yet, to write it down. "How was it, ma'am?"

"This is how it were, sir. I were standing at the door of my own 'ouse."

"Where is your house, ma'am?"

"Where is my house, sir?" with the freezing look.

"Yes, ma'am. Is it in the Strand, for instance?"

"No, sir," with indignant triumph. "It is not in the Strand!"

"Where then, ma'am?"

"Where then, sir?" with severe sarcasm. "I ope it is in Doory Lane."

"In Drury Lane. And what is your name, ma'am?"

"My name, sir?" with inconceivable scorn.

"My name is Megby."

"Mrs. Megby?"

"Sir, I ope so!" with the previous sarcasm. Then, very rapidly, "I keep a coffee house, as I will substantiate to-morrow morning, and what is more will prove, and that is saying a great deal." Then, still more rapidly, "I wish to make a charge immediate against pleesemen forty-two and fifty-three!"

"Well, ma'am, be so good as make it."

"I were standing at my door," falling of a sudden into a genteel and impressive slowness, "in conversation with a friend, a gentleman from the country, which his name is Henery Lupvitch, Es-quire—"

"Is he here, ma'am?"

"No, sir," with surpassing scorn. "He is not here!"

"Well, ma'am?"

"With Henery Lupvitch, Es-quire, and which I had just been issuing directions to two of my servants, when here comes between us a couple of female persons which I know to be the commonest dirt, and pushed against me."

"Both of them pushed against you?"

"No, sir," with scorn and triumph, "they did not! One of 'em pushed against me"—A dead stoppage, expressive of implacable gentility.

"Well, ma'am—did you say anything then?"

"I ask your parding. Did I which, sir?" As compelling herself to fortitude under great provocation.

"Did you say anything?"

"I ope I did. I says, 'How dare you do that ma'am!'"

Stoppage again. Expressive of a severe desire that those words be instantly taken down.

"You said how dare you do that?"

"'Nobody,'" continuing to quote with a lofty and abstracted effort of memory, "'never interfered with you.' She replies, 'That's nothing to you, ma'am. Never you mind.'"

Another pause, expressive of the same desire before. Much incensed at nothing resulting.

"She then turns back between me and Henery Lupvitch, Es-quire, and commits an assault upon me, which I am not an acquisition and will not endor or what is more submit to."

What Mrs. Megby means by the particular expression that she is not an acquisition, does not appear; but she turns more livid, and not only her lip but her whole frame trembles as she solemnly repeats, "I am not a acquisition."

"Well, ma'am. Then forty-two and fifty-three came up—"

"No they did not, sir; nothink of the sort!—I called 'em up."

"And you said?!"

"Sir?" with tremendous calmness.

"You said?!"—

"*I made the observation,*" with strong emphasis and exactness, "'I give this person in charge for assaulting of me.' Forty-two says, 'O you're not hurt. Don't make a disturbance here.' Fifty-three likewys declines to take the charge. Which," with greater rapidity than ever, "is the two pleesemen I am here to appear against; and will be here at nine to-morrow morning, or at height if needful, or at sivin—hany hour—and as a ouseholder demanding the present charge to be regularly hentered against pleesemen respectfully numbered forty-two and fifty-three, which shall be substantiated by day or night or morning—which is more—for I am not a acquisition, and what those pleesemen done sir they shall answer!'"

The inspector—whose patience is not in the least afflicted—being now possessed of the charge, reduces it to a formal accusation against two P. C.'s, for neglect of duty, and gravely records it in Mrs. Megby's own words—with such fidelity that, at the end of every sentence, when it is read over, Mrs. Megby, comparatively softened, repeats, "Yes, sir, which it is correct!" and afterwards signs, as if her name were not half long enough for her great revenge.

On the removal of Mrs. Megby's person, Mr. Bat, to our great amazement, is revealed behind her.

"I say! Is it t'morrow mawrer?" asks Mr. Bat in confidence.

"He has got out of the cab," says the inspector, whom nothing surprises, "and will be brought in, in custody, presently! No. This morning. Why don't you go home?"

"*This* mawrer!" says Mr. Bat, profoundly reflecting. "How ear it be *this* mawrer. It must be yesserday mawrer."

"You had better make the best of your way home, sir," says the inspector.

"No offence is interrer," says Mr. Bat. "I happened to be passing—this dirrertion—when saw door open—kaymin. It's a frez of my—I am nor—" he is quite unequal to the word particular now, so concludes with "you no war I me!—I am aw ri! I shall be here in the mawrer!" and stumbles out again.

The watch-stealer, who has been removed, is now brought back. Mrs Green (the searcher) reports to have found upon her some halfpence, two pawnbroker's duplicates, and a comb. All produced.

"Very good. You can lock her up now, jailer.—What does she say?"

"She says can she have her comb sir?"

"Oh, yes. She can have her comb. Take it!" And away she goes to the cells, a dirty, unwhole-some object, designing, no doubt, to comb herself out for the magisterial presence in the morn-ing.

"O! please sir, you have got two French ladies here, in brown shot silk?" says a woman with a basket. (We have changed the scene to the Vine Street Station House, but its general arrangement is just the same.)

"Yes."

"Will you send 'em in this fowl and bread for supper, please?"

"They shall have it. Hand it in."

"Thank'ee, sir. Good night, sir!"

The inspector has eyed the woman, and now eyes the fowl. He turns it up, opens it neatly with his knife, takes out a little bottle of brandy artfully concealed within it, puts the brandy on a shelf as confiscated, and sends in the rest of the supper.

What is this very neat new trunk in a corner, carefully corded?

It is here on a charge of "drunk and incapable." It was found in Piccadilly to-night, (with a young woman sitting on it,) and is full of good clothes, evidently belonging to a domestic servant. Those clothes will be rags soon, and the drunken woman will die of gin, or be drowned in the river.

We are dozing by the fire again, and it is past three o'clock when the stillness (only invaded at intervals by the head voices of the two French ladies talking in their cell—no other prisoners seem to be awake) is broken by the complaints of a woman and the cries of a child. The outer door opens noisily, and the complaints and the cries come nearer, and come into the dock.

"What's this?" says the inspector, putting up the window. "Don't cry there, don't cry!"

A rough-headed miserable little boy of four or five years old stops in his crying and looks frightened.

"This woman," says a wet constable, glistening in the gaslight, "has been making a disturbance in the street for hours, on and off. She says she wants relief. I have warned her off my beat over and over again, sir; but it's of no use. She took at last to rousing the whole neighborhood."

"You hear what the constable says. What did you do that for?"

"Because I want relief, sir."

"If you want relief, why don't you go to the relieving-officer?"

"I've been, sir, God knows; but I could n't get any. I have n't been under a blessed roof for three nights: but have been prowling the streets the whole night long, sir. And I can't do it any more, sir. And my husband has been dead these eight months, sir. And I've nobody to help me to a shelter or bit of bread, God knows!"

"You have n't been drinking, have you?"

"Drinking, sir? Me, sir?"

"I am afraid you have. Is that your own child?"

"O yes, sir, he's my child!"

"He hasn't been with you in the streets three nights, has he?"

"No, sir. A friend took him in for me, sir; but could n't afford to keep him any longer, sir, and turned him on my hands this afternoon, sir."

"You did n't fetch him away yourself, to have him to beg with, I suppose?"

"O no, sir! Heaven knows I did n't, sir!"

"Well!" writing on a slip of paper, "I shall send the child to the workhouse until the morning, and keep you here. And then, if your story is true, you can tell it to the magistrate, and it will be inquired into."

"Very well, sir. And God knows I'll be thankful to have it inquired into!"

"Reserve!"

"Sir!"

"Take this child to the workhouse. Here's the order. You go along with this man, my little fellow, and they'll put you in a nice warm bed, and give you some breakfast in the morning. There's a good boy!"

The wretched urchin parts from his mother without a look, and trots contentedly away with the constable. There would be no very strong ties to break here if the constable were taking him to an industrial school. Our honorable friend, the member for Red Tape, voted for breaking stronger ties than these in workhouses once upon a time. And we seem faintly to remember that he glorified himself upon that measure very much.

We shift the scene to Southwark. It is much the same. We return to Bow Street. Still the same. Excellent method, carefully administered, vigilant in all respects except this main one:—prevention of ignorance, remedy for unnatural neglect of children, punishment of wicked parents, interposition of the state, as a measure of human policy, if not of human pity and accountability, at the very source of crime.

Our inspectors hold that drunkenness, as a cause of crime, is in the ratio two to one greater than any other cause. We doubt if they make due allowance for the cases in which it is the consequence or companion of crime, and not the cause; but we do not doubt its extensive influence as a cause alone. Of the seven thousand and eight hundred charges entered in the books of Bow Street station during 1850, at least half are against persons of both sexes, for being "drunk and incapable." If offences be included which have been indirectly instigated by intoxication, the proportion rises to at least seventy-five per cent. As a proof of this, it can be demonstrated from the books at head-quarters (Scotland Yard) that there was a great and sudden diminution of charges after the wise measure of shutting up public houses at twelve o'clock on Saturday nights.

Towards five o'clock, the number of cases falls off, and the business of the station dwindles down to charges against a few drunken women. We have seen enough, and we retire.

We have not wearied the reader, whom we now discharge, with more than a small part of our experience; we have not related how the two respectable tradesmen, "happening" to get drunk at "the house they used," first fought with one another, then "dropped into" a policeman; as that witness related in evidence, until admonished by his inspector concerning the queen's English; nor how one young person, resident near Covent Garden, reproached another young person in a loud tone of voice at three o'clock in the morning, with being

"a shilling minx"—nor how that young person retorted that, allowing herself for the sake of argument to be a minx, she must yet prefer a claim to be a pound minx rather than a shilling one, and so they fell to fighting and were taken into custody—not how the first minx, piteously declaring that she had "left her place without a bit of key," was consoled, before having the police-key turned upon herself, by the despatch of a trusty constable to secure her goods and chattels from pillage; nor how the two smiths taken up for "larking" on an extensive scale, were sorely solicitous about "a centre-punch" which one of them had in his pocket; and which, on being searched (according to custom) for knives, they expected never to see more; nor how the drunken gentleman of independent property—who, being too drunk to be allowed to buy a railway ticket, and being most properly refused, most improperly "dropped into" the railway authorities—complained to us, visiting his cell, that he was locked up on a foul charge at which humanity revolted, and was not allowed to send for bail, and was *this* the bill of rights? We have seen that an incessant system of communication, day and night, is kept up between every station of the force; we have seen, not only crime speedily detected, but distress quickly relieved; we have seen regard paid to every application, whether it be an inquiry after a gypsy woman, or a black-and-tan spaniel, or a frivolous complaint against a constable; we have seen that everything that occurs is written down, to be forwarded to head-quarters; we have seen an extraordinary degree of patience habitually exercised in listening to prolix details, in relieving the kernel of a case from its almost impenetrable husk; we have seen how impossible it is for anything of a serious, of even an unusual, nature to happen without being reported; and that, if reported, additional force can be immediately supplied from each station; where from twenty to thirty men are always collected while off duty. We have seen that the whole system is well, intelligently, zealously worked; and we have seen, finally, that the addition of a few extra men will be all-sufficient for any exigencies which may arise from the coming influx of visitors.

Believe us, nervous old lady, dyspeptic half-pay, suspicious quidnunc, plot-dreading diplomatist, you may sleep in peace! As for you, trembling rate-payer, it is not to be doubted that, after what you have read, you will continue to pay your eightpence in the pound without a grudge.

And if, either you nervous old lady, or you dyspeptic half-pay, or you suspicious quidnunc, or you plot-dreading diplomatist, or you ungrudging rate-payer, have ever seen or heard, or read of, a vast city which a solitary watcher might traverse in the dead of night as he may traverse London, you are far wiser than we. It is daybreak on this third morning of our vigil—on, it may be, the three thousandth morning of our seeing the pale dawn in these hushed and solemn streets. Sleep in peace! If you have children in your houses, wake to think of, and to act for, the doomed childhood that encircles you out of doors, from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the stars, and sleep in greater peace. There is matter enough for real dread there. It is a higher cause than the cause of any rotten government on the Continent of Europe, that, trembling, hears the Marseillaise in every whisper, and dreads a barricade in every gathering of men!

From Chambers' Journal.

SCORESBY THE WHALER.

A VOLUME of "Memorials of the Sea," the full title of which is given below,* has just been made public by the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, who, we may presume, raises this literary monument to his parent's memory not less for example's sake, than out of filial affection and grateful remembrance. The author's aim has been to present a faithful portraiture of his progenitor, to show us what manner of man he was; and we shall endeavor to transfer a sketch of the picture to our columns, for the edification of such readers as are interested in the study of human effort and perseverance. There ought to be something worth reading in the history of a man whose memoir comprises two hundred and thirty-two pages.

The name of Scoresby, it appears, is limited to one or two families in the north of England, most of whom have been of the yeoman class, with the reputation of good citizens and worthy members of society. There are, however, two or three exceptions to the uniform level; a Walter de Scourby was "bayliffe of York" in 1312; another, Thomas, was lord mayor of the same city in 1463; and a second Thomas represented it in Parliament in the reign of Edward III. So much for ancestral honors and dignities; and we pass to the individual who more immediately claims our attention. He was born in May, 1760, at Nutholm, about twenty miles from Whitby; went to an endowed school in the adjoining village of Cropton during the fine season only, as the distance was considerable, and roads were uncomfortable in winter. Even these scanty ways and means of knowledge were cut off when William Scoresby grew to his ninth year; he was then placed with a farmer, and underwent the "rudiments" of agriculture and cattle-feeding. In this situation he plodded on for more than ten years, until "unpleasant treatment" caused him to resent the indignity by walking to Whitby, and binding himself apprentice to a Quaker shipowner for three years. He then went to his father's house, and informed his parents of what had occurred, and returned forthwith to the farm to fulfil his duties until a successor should be appointed to his place. His next care was to set to work on such studies as might be useful in his new vocation, and so employ the interval prior to the sailing of the ship in the spring of 1780.

Mr. Scoresby here draws a parallel between his father and Captain Cook; natives of the same county, both began life with farming work, though the great circumnavigator was afterwards apprenticed to a general shopkeeper; in which service; having been unjustly suspected of stealing "a new and fresh-looking shilling" from his master's till, "he determined, if he could get permission to do so, to leave his employment as a shopkeeper, and, indulging a strongly-imbibed prepossession, turn to the sea." The result is well known.

According to agreement, Scoresby went a second time to Whitby, in February, to ratify his engagement; and, finding that his services would not be required before April, he set out to return home on foot the same day, being desirous of losing no time from his studies. More than half the road lay

across a wild, uninhabited moorland district. Night had set in when a furious snow-storm surprised him; all traces of the imperfect track were speedily obliterated, and the traveller "could neither see his way to advance nor to return." In this uncertainty his geometrical knowledge came into play. "He had observed how the wind first assailed him, with reference to the direction of the line of road, which, fortunately for him, like the roads of ancient construction generally, followed a steeple-chase directness, regardless of hill or dale, for the point aimed at; and, by adjusting his progress on the same angle, in respect to the course of the wind, he hoped to be guided in his now perilous undertaking." The experiment was fully successful, and the journey finally accomplished in safety.

Scoresby's sea-service commenced by voyages to Russia; while discharging a cargo of Memel timber at Portsmouth, a professional grievance made him resolve to enter on board the *Royal George*. Afterwards, when that vessel went down, with all her crew, he regarded his having changed his intention as one of the many providences of which he had been the subject. A seaman's duties were not permitted to divert him from the pursuit of knowledge; what he learned in books he reduced to practice, keeping the ship's reckoning for his own private instruction. He suffered much from the taunts and jeers of the crew for refusing to share in their debasing practices, but made no attempt to retaliate so long as the annoyance was confined to words. He proved, however, on fitting occasion, that he could defend himself from personal violence; and, so great was his strength, that his two aggressors were effectually humbled. He was fully impressed with the feeling "that, under the blessing of Providence, to which he distinctly looked, he must be the fabricator of his own fortune;" and his custom was, "unless he could find a somewhat like-minded aspirant after a better position, to walk alone on the main-deck or forecastle, holding companionship only with his own thoughts."

In moral and physical qualities such as these, we see the elements of success. Scoresby's habit of keeping the reckoning, and the greater exactitude which he brought into the method, once saved the ship from being wrecked in foggy weather between Riga and Elsinore. His assertion that the vessel was off the island of Bornholm caused a sharper look-out to be kept. Presently breakers were seen ahead; the anchor was dropped, but "just in time to save the ship from destruction. When she swung to her anchor, it was in four and a half fathoms' water. The breakers were close by the stern, and the stern not above twenty fathoms from the shore." This manifestation of ability on the part of an apprentice excited so much jealousy and ill-feeling towards him from the officers, that, on the arrival of the vessel in the Thames, he left her, and engaged on board the *Speedwell* cutter, bound for Gibraltar with stores.

This proceeding led to a new course of adventure. While on the voyage in October, 1781, the cutter was captured by the Spaniards, and the whole of her crew made prisoners of war, and kept in durance at St. Lucar, in Andalusia. After a time, the rigor of imprisonment being somewhat relaxed, and the captives permitted to fetch water without a guard, Scoresby and one of his companions contrived to escape; and concealing themselves as much as possible during the day, and guiding their course by the stars at night, they made their way direct for the coast, where they eventually arrived

* *Memorials of the Sea. My Father: being Records of the Adventurous Life of the late William Scoresby, Esq., of Whitby. By his Son, the Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D. London: Longmans. 1851.*

in safety, after encountering much risk and difficulty. On all occasions, when they had to ask for assistance, they found the women ready to help them and facilitate their escape, sometimes while their husbands had gone to denounce the strangers. By a fortunate coincidence the fugitives arrived on the coast just as an English vessel of war was about to sail with an exchange of prisoners. By the connivance of the crew, they concealed themselves on board until the ship was fairly at sea, when they made their appearance on deck, greatly to the astonishment and vexation of the captain, who made them sign a promise to pay a heavy sum for their passage, as a punishment for their intrusion. In the Bay of Biscay a formidable gale came on. The two intruders refused to work, on the plea of being passengers, unless the captain destroyed the document exacted from them. This was done; immediately the two sprang up the rigging, and, before long, Scoresby, by his superior seamanship, had brought the reefing of sails and striking of masts to a successful accomplishment, and by his example cheered the before dispirited crew, who, during the remainder of the voyage, were observed to manifest a "higher character" than before.

After this, Scoresby married the daughter of a small landed proprietor at Cropton, and resided with his father for two or three years, assisting in the management of the farm. But a desire for more stirring employment made him again turn his attention to the sea. In 1785 he entered as seaman on board the *Henrietta*, a vessel engaged in the whale-fishery, at that time an important branch of the trade of Whitby. Here the general good conduct and ability for which he was remarkable gained him the post of second officer and *speckioner* of the ship; a technical title used to distinguish the chief harpooner and principal of the fishing operations. In 1790 he became captain of the vessel, greatly to the mortification and jealousy of his brother officers, who, being inconsiderately engaged by the owner to go out on the first voyage under their new commander, conducted themselves so vexatiously that a mutiny broke out. "One of the men, excited by his companions' clamors and his own dastardly rage, seized a handspike, and aimed a desperate blow, which might have been fatal, on the head of his captain. The latter, now roused to the exertion of his heretofore unimagined strength and tact, while warding the blow with his hand, disarmed the assailant, and, seizing him in his athletic arms, actually flung him headlong among his associates, like a quoit from the hand of a player, filling the whole party with amazement at his strength and power, and for the moment arresting, under the influence of the feeling, the unmanly pursuance of their mutinous purpose." In addition to these adverse proceedings, the season was a bad one, and the *Henrietta* returned to Whitby without having captured a single whale.

The mortification to a man of Scoresby's ardent character was extreme; to guard against a recurrence of a similar misadventure, he insisted on engaging the whole of the next crew and officers himself, and carried his point, notwithstanding the opposition of the owner. The advantageous consequences of this measure appeared in the result of the voyage; "no less than eighteen whales were captured, yielding 112 tons of oil." The unusual importance of this achievement will be best understood from the fact, that six and a half whales per year had previously been regarded as a satisfactory average. Scoresby's fifth voyage gave a "catch"

of twenty-five whales, the proceeds being 152 tons of oil. Such, indeed, were his ability and enterprise, that his average success was "four times as great as the usual average of the Whitby whalers; in like proportion above the average of the Hull whalers during the previous twenty years; and more than double the Hull average for the same actual period!" These successes, which excited no small amount of envy and hatred in some quarters, spread Scoresby's fame abroad in other ports, and produced many tempting offers, and solicitations; but, for a time, chiefly on his wife's account, he preferred retaining his connection with Whitby.

At length, in 1798, he accepted an engagement as captain of the *Dundee*, a vessel much larger and finer than the *Henrietta*, sailing from London. With this ship he brought back thirty-six whales from his first voyage, a number unprecedented in the annals of whale-fishery. This and subsequent voyages were performed, too, more rapidly than usual, whereby the greater freshness of the blubber when brought to the coppers, produced a superior quality of oil. On one of the voyages in the *Dundee* he first took his son, then a lad of ten years old, (the author of the work before us,) to sea with him. At that period armed vessels of the enemies of Britain cruised in the North Sea. A few days after leaving England a ship was suddenly observed bearing down so as to intercept the track of the whaler. Scoresby, however, had anticipated the possibility of such an occurrence; the *Dundee* carried twelve eighteen-pounders, besides small arms, and a well-selected crew of sixty men. Among the latter, one had been chosen for his expertness in beating the drum, and another for his proficiency "in winding a boatswain's call;" and with all these means and appliances a surprise was planned. We shall leave Mr. Scoresby to tell it in his own words: "The men on deck," he writes, "were laid down flat on their faces. My father, coolly walking the quarter-deck, and the helmsman, engaged in his office of steering, were the only living beings who could be discerned from the deck of the assailant.

"Without showing any colors in answer to our English ensign waving at the mizzen-peak, the stranger came down to within short musket-shot distance, when a loud and unintelligible roar of the captain through his speaking-trumpet indicated the usual demand of the nation or denomination of our ship. A significant wave of my father's hand served instead of a reply. The drum beats to quarters, and while the roll yet reverberates around, the shrill sound of the boatswain's pipe is heard above all. And whilst the boar's voice of this officer is yet giving forth the consequent orders, the apparently plain sides of the ship become suddenly pierced; six ports on a side are simultaneously raised, and as many untoned cannon, threatening a more serious bellowing than that of the now astonished captain's trumpet-aided voice, are run out, pointing ominously toward the enemy's broadside!"

"The stratagem was complete; its impression quite perfect. The adversary seemed electrified. Men on the enemy's deck, some with lighted matches in hand, and plainly visible to us, by reason of her heeling position while descending obliquely from the windward, were seen to fall flat, as if prostrated by our shot: the guns, pointed threateningly at us, remained silent; the helm flew to port, and the yards to the wind, on our opposite tack; and without waiting for the answer to his

summons, or venturing to renew his attempt on such a formidable-looking opponent, he suddenly hauled off, under full sail, in a direction differing by some six points from that in which he had previously intercepted our track."

According to a long-continued custom, the flensing, or cutting-up of a whale could only be performed with a prescribed number of incisions and apparatus, causing much loss of time when the fish was a small one. Scoresby had often remonstrated with his subordinates on this hindering process, but in vain. At last, to convince them, he offered, as a challenge, "that with the assistance of only one third part of the available crew, he would go on a fish, and send it in single-handed, in *half the time* occupied by the four or six harpooners, with the help of all hands." This he actually performed. The work which had occupied the harpooners and the whole of the crew for two hours, was successfully accomplished "in almost forty minutes;" and, by the exercise of forethought on the part of the chief operator, the assistants were not kept standing idle a single instant.

Here we see a man prompt in emergencies, and ready with new inventions when the old failed to satisfy him. No one was more active than Scoresby in pushing his way into the ice when on the whaling-grounds. If a full cargo was not obtained, it was that certain natural obstacles were insurmountable by ordinary means, not that energy or perseverance were lacking for the attempt. Scoresby's spirit of enterprise once led him into a higher northern latitude than any other on record. This was in the year 1806, he being then in command of the *Resolution*. The ship had been worked through the ice on the western side of Spitzbergen as far as 77 degrees north latitude. All the other whaling vessels were left behind out of sight, when the adventurous captain determined to push for an open sea more to the northwards, the existence of which he considered certain, from several sagacious observations. In this task he is said to have been the first to introduce the operation of "sallying the ship;" that is, swaying her from side to side, so as to facilitate her onward motion when beset by ice. At last, after extraordinary labor, the open sea was entered—an ocean lake, as it were, of vast extent, surrounded by ice. Here, in thirty-two days, a full cargo was captured, and the sea explored for a distance, in a direct line, of 300 miles—the highest latitude reached being 81 degrees 30 minutes north, not more than 510 miles from the pole, and the furthest northerly point ever attained by sailing. Parry went beyond it in 1827, but in boats drawn over the ice; and subsequent navigators have been baffled in their endeavors to penetrate so far in the same direction.

After several voyages in the *Resolution*, Scoresby became a member of the Greenock Whale-fishing Company, and made four voyages in the *John*, without any diminution of success—the proceeds of only one out of the four having been £11,000. He then went out again for a Whitby firm; and in 1817 bought the *Fame* on his own account, and made with her five voyages to the north, and was preparing for a sixth, when the vessel was accidentally burnt while lying at the Orkneys. This event caused him to retire, though with an ample competence, from active life. He had been thirty-six years a mariner, and had sailed thirty times to the Arctic seas, and captured 533 whales—"a greater number than has fallen to the share of any other individual in Europe—with many thousands

of seals, some hundreds of walruses, very many narwals, and probably not less than sixty bears. The quantity of oil yielded by this produce was 4664 tons; of whalebone, about 240 tons weight; besides the skins of the seals, bears, and walruses, taken;" the money value of the whole being estimated, in round numbers, at £200,000.

Scoresby lived but a few years after his retirement. Subsequently to his decease, a manuscript was found among his private papers, which proves him to have been possessed of mechanical genius, as well as nautical ability. In stature he was tall and athletic; and in the power of his eye he exercised a remarkable control over the lower animals, and individuals on whom he wished to make an impression. A life like his shows that there is no path in existence wherein superior intelligence, energy, and moral feeling may not distinguish themselves through the benefits which they will diffuse around them. Our brief sketch of him may be considered as complete, when we add that he held "Temperance to be the best physician, Seriousness the greatest wisdom, and a Good Conscience the best estate."

From the Morning Chronicle, 20 May.

DECREASE OF THE POPULATION OF IRELAND.

As the census returns of localities in the western and southern counties transpire, it appears that the present decennial enumeration for Ireland is likely to exhibit an immense falling off instead of a progressive increase in the population, which might have been expected in an ordinary state of society. I have already noticed some instances of decrease, but they occurred chiefly in midland counties, where the famine had been comparatively light. The *Galway Vindicator* gives the particulars of the parish of Annadown, in that county, where the diminution has been nearly to the extent of one half the entire population ten years since. That journal says:—

In the year 1841 the population of the rural parish of Annadown amounted to 7,108; in 1851 it is reduced to 3,663, leaving a decrease of 3,445 souls. In 1841 there were 864 families in the parish; in 1851 there are only 454. When the returns shall have been completed, we are certain that many other districts in Connacht will exhibit a still greater decrease, for Annadown suffered less from the effects of famine than many other portions of the province.

PROGRESS OF EMIGRATION.—The human tide still rolls outward, and the extent of the emigration is causing serious concern amongst those who think it will lead to an aggravation of the evils and difficulties of the country. Last week the departures from Dublin exceeded those of any previous week since the opening of the spring, and the reports from other ports mention a decided increase in the rush of emigrants from all parts of the country. On Saturday last 500 persons proceeded by one vessel, the screw-steamer *Albatross*, from Cork for Liverpool, to take shipping for America.

The *Roscommon Journal*, referring to the wholesale emigration from that part of the West, says:—"This county is nearly depopulated. Every comfortable farmer and able-bodied laborer has either gone, or is preparing to go, to America. Day after day shoals pass through this town on their way to a country where, at least, they will be able to 'earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.' The emigrants direct from Galway, from the 15th of February to the 9th of May, were 2,039, who left in sixteen vessels, all, with one exception, for the United States."

From "Poems of Early Years," by a Wrangler of Trinity College, Cambridge, just published by Pickering, London.

PUPIL AND TUTOR.

Was aber ist deine Pflicht—die Forderung des Tages.
Goethe.

P. What shall I do, lest life in silence pass ?
T. And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue ?
Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute,
The shallows roar.
Worth is the ocean ; fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.

P. What shall I do to be forever known ?
T. Thy duty ever.
P. This did full many who yet sleep unknown.
T. Oh ! never, never.
Think'st thou perchance that they remain
unknown
Whom thou know'st not ?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown.
Divine their lot !

P. What shall I do to have eternal life ?
T. Discharge aright
The simple dues with which the day is rife,
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled ;
While he who ever acts as Conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.

From the National Era.

WORDSWORTH.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS MEMOIRS.

DEAR friends, who read the world aright,
And in its common forms discern
A beauty and a harmony
The many never learn !

Kindred in soul of him who found
In simple flower and leaf and stone,
The impulse of the sweetest lays
Our Saxon tongue has known,—

Accept this record of a life
As sweet and pure as calm and good,
As a long day of blandest June
In green field and in wood.

How welcome to our ears, long pained
By strife of sect and party noise,
The brook-like murmur of his song
Of nature's simple joys !

The violet by its mossy stone,
The primrose by the river's brim,
And chance-sown daffodil, have found
Immortal life through him.

The sunrise on his breezy lake,
The rosy tints his sunset brought,
World-seen, are gladdening all the vales
And mountain-peaks of thought.

Art builds on sand ; the works of pride
And human passion change and fall,
But that which shares the life of God,
With Him surviveth all.

J. G. W.

2d 6th month, 1851.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

LEONARD had been about six weeks with his uncle, and those weeks were well spent. Mr. Richard had taken him to his counting-house, and initiated him into business and the mysteries of double entry; and in return for the young man's readiness and zeal in matters which the acute trader instinctively felt were not exactly to his tastes, Richard engaged the best master the town afforded, to read with his nephew in the evening. This gentleman was the head-usher of a large school—who had his hours to himself after eight o'clock—and was pleased to vary the dull routine of enforced lessons by instructions to a pupil who took delightedly—even to the Latin grammar. Leonard made rapid strides, and learned more in those six weeks than many a cleverish boy does in twice as many months. These hours which Leonard devoted to study, Richard usually spent from home—sometimes at the houses of his grand acquaintances in the Abbey Gardens, sometimes in the reading-room appropriated to those aristocrats. If he stayed at home, it was in company with his head-clerk, and for the purpose of checking his account-books, or looking over the names of doubtful electors.

Leonard had naturally wished to communicate his altered prospects to his old friends, that they in turn might rejoice his mother with such good tidings. But he had not been two days in the house before Richard had strictly forbidden all such correspondence.

"Look you," said he, "at present we are on an experiment—we must see if we like each other.

Suppose we don't, you will only have raised expectations in your mother, which must end in bitter disappointment; and suppose we do, it will be time enough to write when something definite is settled."

"But my mother will be so anxious—"

"Make your mind easy on that score. I will write regularly to Mr. Dale, and he can tell her that you are well and thriving. No more words, my man—when I say a thing, I say it." Then, observing that Leonard looked blank and dissatisfied, Richard added, with a good-humored smile, "I have my reasons for all this—you shall know them later. And I tell you what—if you do as I bid you, it is my intention to settle something handsome on your mother; but if you don't, devil a penny she'll get from me."

With that, Richard turned on his heel, and in a few moments his voice was heard loud in objurgation with some of his people.

About the fourth week of Leonard's residence at Mr. Avenel's, his host began to evince a certain change of manner. He was no longer quite so cordial with Leonard, nor did he take the same interest in his progress. About the same period he was frequently caught by the London butler before the looking-glass. He had always been a smart man in his dress, but now he was more particular. He would spoil three white cravats when he went out of an evening, before he could satisfy himself as to a tie. He also bought a Peerage, and it became his favorite study at odd quarters of an hour. All these symptoms proceeded from a cause, and that cause was—Woman.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE first people at Screwstown were indisputably the Pompleys. Colonel Pompley was grand, but Mrs. Pompley was grander. The colonel was stately in right of his military rank and his services in India ; Mrs. Pompley was majestic in right of her connections. Indeed, Colonel Pompley himself would have been crushed under the weight of the dignities which his lady heaped upon him, if he had not been enabled to prop his position with "a connection" of his own. He would never have held his own, nor been permitted to have an independent opinion on matters aristocratic, but for the well-sounding name of his relations, "the Digbies." Perhaps on the principle that obscurity increases the natural size of objects, and is an element of the sublime, the colonel did not too accurately define his relations the "Digbies;" he let it be casually understood that they were the Digbies to be found in Debrett. But if some indiscreet *Vulgarian* (a favorite word with both the Pompleys) asked point-blank if he meant "my Lord Digby," the colonel, with a lofty air, answered, "The elder branch, sir." No one at Screwstown had ever seen these Digbies ; they lay amidst the Far—the Recondite—even to the wife of Colonel Pompley's bosom. Now and then, when the colonel referred to the lapse of years, and the uncertainty of human affections, he would say, "When young Digby and I were boys together," and then add with a sigh, "but we shall never meet again in this world. His family interest secured him a valuable appointment in a distant part of the British dominions." Mrs. Pompley was always rather cowed by the Digbies. She could not be sceptical as to this connection, for the colonel's mother was certainly a Digby, and the colonel impaled the Digby arms. *En revanche*, as the French say, for these marital connections, Mrs. Pompley had her own favorite affinity, which she specially selected from all others when she most desired to produce effect ; may, even upon ordinary occasions, the name rose spontaneously to her lips—the name of the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. Was the fashion of a gown or cap admired, her cousin, Mrs. M'Catchley, had just sent to her the pattern from Paris. Was it a question whether the ministry would stand, Mrs. M'Catchley was in the secret, but Mrs. Pompley had been requested not to say. Did it freeze, "my cousin, Mrs. M'Catchley, had written word that the icebergs at the Pole were supposed to be coming this way." Did the sun glow with more than usual fervor, Mrs. M'Catchley had informed her "that it was Sir Henry Halford's decided opinion that it was on account of the cholera." The good people knew all that was doing at London, at court, in this world—nay, almost in the other—through the medium of the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. Mrs. M'Catchley was, moreover, the wittiest creature, the dearest. King George the Fourth had presumed to admire Mrs. M'Catchley, but Mrs. M'Catchley, though no prude, let him see that she was proof against the corruptions of a throne. So long had the ears of Mrs. Pompley's friends been filled with the renown of Mrs. M'Catchley, that at last Mrs. M'Catchley was secretly supposed to be a myth, a creature of the elements, a poetic fiction of Mrs. Pompley's. Richard Avenel, however, though by no means a credulous man, was an implicit believer in Mrs. M'Catchley. He had learned that she was a widow—an honorable by birth, an honorable by marriage—living on her

handsome jointure, and refusing offers every day that she so lived. Somehow or other, whenever Richard Avenel thought of a wife, he thought of the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. Perhaps that romantic attachment to the fair invisible preserved him heart-whole amongst the temptations of Screwstown. Suddenly, to the astonishment of the Abbey Gardens, Mrs. M'Catchley proved her identity, and arrived at Col. Pompley's in a handsome travelling-carriage, attended by her maid and footman. She had come to stay some weeks—a tea-party was given in her honor. Mr. Avenel and his nephew were invited. Colonel Pompley, who kept his head clear in the midst of the greatest excitement, had a desire to get from the corporation a lease of a piece of ground adjoining his garden, and he no sooner saw Richard Avenel enter, than he caught him by the button, and drew him into a quiet corner in order to secure his interest. Leonard, meanwhile, was borne on by the stream, till his progress was arrested by a sofa table at which sat Mrs. M'Catchley herself, with Mrs. Pompley by her side. For on this great occasion the hostess had abandoned her proper post at the entrance, and, whether to show her respect to Mrs. M'Catchley, or to show Mrs. M'Catchley her wellbred contempt for the people of Screwstown, remained in state by her friend, honoring only the *élite* of Screwstown with introductions to the illustrious visitor.

Mrs. M'Catchley was a very fine woman—a woman who justified Mrs. Pompley's pride in her. Her cheek-bones were rather high, it is true, but that proved the purity of her Caledonian descent : for the rest, she had a brilliant complexion, heightened by a *soupcou* of rouge—good eyes and teeth ; a showy figure, and all the ladies of Screwstown pronounced her dress to be perfect. She might have arrived at that age at which one intends to stop for the next ten years, but even a Frenchman would not have called her *passée*—that is, for a widow. For a spinster it would have been different.

Looking round her with a glass, which Mrs. Pompley was in the habit of declaring that "Mrs. M'Catchley used like an angel," this lady suddenly perceived Leonard Avenel ; and his quiet, simple, thoughtful air, and look so contrasted with the stiff beaux to whom she had been presented, that, experienced in fashion as so fine a personage must be supposed to be, she was nevertheless deceived into whispering to Mrs. Pompley—

"That young man has really an *air distingué*—who is he?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Pompley, in unaffected surprise, "that is the nephew of the rich *Vulgarian* I was telling you of this morning."

"Ah ! and you say that he is Mr. Arundel's heir!"

"Avenel—not Arundel—my sweet friend."

"Avenel is not a bad name," said Mrs. M'Catchley. "But is the uncle really so rich?"

"The colonel was trying this very day to guess what he is worth ; but he says it is impossible to guess it."

"And the young man is his heir!"

"It is thought so ; and reading for college, I hear. They say he is clever."

"Present him, my love ; I like clever people," said Mrs. M'Catchley, falling back languidly.

About ten minutes afterwards, Richard Avenel, having effected his escape from the colonel, and his gaze being attracted towards the sofa table by the

buzz of the admiring crowd, beheld his nephew in animated conversation with the long-cherished idol of his dreams. A fierce pang of jealousy shot through his breast. His nephew had never looked so handsome and so intelligent; in fact, poor Leonard had never before been drawn out by a woman of the world, who had learned how to make the most of what little she knew. And, as jealousy operates like a pair of bellows on incipient flames, so, at first sight of the smile which the fair widow bestowed upon Leonard, the heart of Mr. Avenel felt in a blaze.

He approached with a step less assured than usual, and, overhearing Leonard's talk, marvelled much at the boy's audacity. Mrs. M'Catchley had been speaking of Scotland and the Waverley Novels, about which Leonard knew nothing. But he knew Burns, and on Burns he grew artlessly eloquent. Burns the poet and peasant; Leonard might well be eloquent on him. Mrs. M'Catchley was amused and pleased with his freshness and *naïveté*, so unlike anything she had ever heard or seen, and she drew him on and on, till Leonard fell to quoting. And Richard heard, with less respect for the sentiment than might be supposed, that

Rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Avenel. "Pretty piece of politeness to tell that to a lady like the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. You'll excuse him, ma'am."

"Sir!" said Mrs. M'Catchley, startled, and lifting her glass. Leonard, rather confused, rose, and offered his chair to Richard, who dropped into it. The lady, without waiting for formal introduction, guessed that she saw the rich uncle.

"Such a sweet poet—Burns!" said she, dropping her glass. "And it is so refreshing to find so much youthful enthusiasm," she added, pointing her fan towards Leonard, who was receding fast among the crowd.

"Well, he is youthful, my nephew—rather green!"

"Don't say green!" said Mrs. M'Catchley. Richard blushed scarlet. He was afraid he had committed himself to some expression low and shocking. The lady resumed, "Say unsophisticated."

"A tarnation long word," thought Richard; but he prudently bowed, and held his tongue.

"Young men nowadays," continued Mrs. M'Catchley, resettling herself on the sofa, "affect to be so old. They don't dance, and they don't read, and they don't talk much; and a great many of them wear *toupets* before they are two-and-twenty!"

Richard mechanically passed his hand through his thick curls. But he was still mute; he was still ruefully chewing the end of the epithet *green*. What occult horrid meaning did the word convey to ears polite? Why should he not say "green"?

"A very fine young man, your nephew, sir," resumed Mrs. M'Catchley.

Richard grunted.

"And seems full of talent. Not yet at the University? Will he go to Oxford or Cambridge?"

"I have not made up my mind yet, if I shall send him to the University at all."

"A young man of his expectations!" exclaimed Mrs. M'Catchley, artfully.

"Expectations!" repeated Richard, firing up. "Has the boy been talking to you of his expectations?"

"No, indeed, sir. But the nephew of the rich Mr. Avenel. Ah, one hears a great deal, you know, of rich people; it is the penalty of wealth, Mr. Avenel!"

Richard was very much flattered. His crest rose.

"And they say," continued Mrs. M'Catchley, dropping out her words very slowly, as she adjusted her blonde scarf, "that Mr. Avenel has resolved not to marry."

"The devil they do, ma'am!" bolted out Richard, gruffly; and then, ashamed of his *lapsus linguae*, screwed up his lips firmly, and glared on the company with an eye of indignant fire.

Mrs. M'Catchley observed him over her fan. Richard turned abruptly, and she withdrew her eyes modestly, and raised the fan.

"She's a real beauty," said Richard, between his teeth.

The fan fluttered.

Five minutes afterwards, the widow and the bachelor seemed so much at their ease that Mrs. Pompley—who had been forced to leave her friend, in order to receive the Dean's lady—could scarcely believe her eyes when she returned to the sofa.

Now, it was from that evening that Mr. Richard Avenel exhibited the change of mood which I have described. And from that evening he abstained from taking Leonard with him to any of the parties in the Abbey Gardens.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME days after this memorable *soirée*, Colonel Pompley sat alone in his drawing-room, (which opened pleasantly on an old-fashioned garden,) absorbed in the house bills. For Colonel Pompley did not leave that domestic care to his lady—perhaps she was too grand for it. Colonel Pompley with his own sonorous voice ordered the joints, and with his own heroic hand dispensed the stores. In justice to the colonel, I must add—at whatever risk of offence to the fair sex—that there was not a house at Screwstown so well managed as the Pompleys'; none which so successfully achieved the difficult art of uniting economy with show. I should despair of conveying to you an idea of the extent to which Colonel Pompley made his income go. It was but seven hundred a year; and many a family contrive to do less upon three thousand. To be sure, the Pompleys had no children to sponge upon them. What they had they spent all on themselves. Neither, if the Pompleys never exceeded their income, did they pretend to live much within it. The two ends of the year met at Christmas—just met, and no more.

Colonel Pompley sat at his desk. He was in his well-brushed blue coat—buttoned across his breast—his gray trousers fitted tight to his limbs, and fastened under his boots with a link chain. He saved a great deal of money in straps. No one ever saw Colonel Pompley in dressing-gown and slippers. He and his house were alike in order—always fit to be seen—

From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve;

The colonel was a short compact man, inclined to be stout—with a very red face, that seemed not only shaved, but rasped. He wore his hair cropped close, except just in front, where it formed what

the hair-dresser called a feather ; but it seemed a feather of iron, so stiff and so strong was it. Firmness and precision were emphatically marked on the colonel's countenance. There was a resolute strain on his features, as if he was always employed in making the two ends meet !

So he sat before his house-book, with his steel pen in his hand, and making crosses here and notes of interrogation there. "Mrs. M'Catchley's maid," said the colonel to himself, "must be put upon rations. The tea that she drinks ! Good heavens !—tea again !"

There was a modest ring at the outer door. "Too early for a visitor !" thought the colonel. "Perhaps it is the water rates."

The neat man-servant—never seen, beyond the offices, save in *grande tenue*, plushed and powdered—entered, and bowed.

"A gentleman, sir, wishes to see you."

"A gentleman," repeated the colonel, glancing towards the clock. "Are you sure it is a gentleman ?"

The man hesitated. "Why, sir, I ben't exactly sure ; but he speaks like a gentleman. He do say he comes from London to see you, sir."

A long and interesting correspondence was then being held between the colonel and one of his wife's trustees touching the investment of Mrs. Pompley's fortune. It might be the trustee—nay, it must be. The trustee had talked of running down to see him.

"Let him come in," said the colonel : "and when I ring—sandwiches and sherry."

"Beef, sir?"

"Ham."

The colonel put aside his house-book, and wiped his pen.

In another minute the door opened, and the servant announced

MR. DIGBY."

The colonel's face fell, and he staggered back.

The door closed, and Mr. Digby stood in the middle of the room, leaning on the great writing-table for support. The poor soldier looked sicker and shabbier, and nearer the end of all things in life and fortune, than when Lord L'Estrange had thrust the pocket-book into his hands. But still the servant showed knowledge of the world in calling him gentleman ; there was no other word to apply to him.

"Sir," began Colonel Pompley, recovering himself, and with great solemnity, "I did not expect this pleasure."

The poor visitor stared round him dizzily, and sunk into a chair, breathing hard. The colonel looked as a man only looks upon a poor relation, and buttoned up first one trousers pocket and then the other.

"I thought you were in Canada," said the colonel at last.

Mr. Digby had now got breath to speak, and he said meekly, "The climate would have killed my child, and it is two years since I returned."

"You ought to have found a very good place in England, to make it worth your while to leave Canada."

"She could not have lived through another winter in Canada—the doctor said so."

"Pooh," quoth the colonel.

Mr. Digby drew a long breath. "I would not come to you, Colonel Pompley, while you could think that I came as a beggar for myself."

The colonel's brow relaxed. "A very honorable sentiment, Mr. Digby."

"No ; I have gone through a great deal ; but you see, colonel," added the poor relation, with a faint smile, "the campaign is well-nigh over, and peace is at hand."

The colonel seemed touched.

"Don't talk so, Digby—I don't like it. You are younger than I am—nothing more disagreeable than these gloomy views of things. You have got enough to live upon, you say—at least so I understand you. I am very glad to hear it ; and, indeed, I could not assist you, so many claims on me. So it is all very well, Digby."

"Oh, Colonel Pompley," cried the soldier, clasping his hands, and with feverish energy, "I am a suppliant, not for myself, but for my child ! I have but one—only one—a girl. She has been so good to me. She will cost you little. Take her when I die ; promise her a shelter—a home. I ask no more. You are my nearest relative. I have no other to look to. You have no children of your own. She will be a blessing to you, as she has been all upon earth to me !"

If Colonel Pompley's face was red in ordinary hours, no epithet sufficiently rubicund or sanguineous can express its color at this appeal. "The man's mad," he said at last, with a tone of astonishment that almost concealed his wrath—"stark mad ! I take his child !—lodge and board a great, positive, hungry child ! Why, sir, many and many a time have I said to Mrs. Pompley, 'Tis a mercy we have no children. We could never live in this style if we had children—never make both ends meet. Child—the most expensive, ravenous, ruinous thing in the world—a child !"

"She has been accustomed to starve," said Mr. Digby, plaintively. "Oh, colonel, let me see your wife. Her heart I can touch—she is a woman."

Unlucky father ! A more untoward, unseasonable request the Fates could not have put into his lips.

Mrs. Pompley see the Dibbies ! Mrs. Pompley learn the condition of the colonel's grand connections ! The colonel would never have been his own man again. At the bare idea, he felt as if he could have sunk into the earth with shame. In his alarm he made a stride to the door, with the intention of locking it. Good heavens, if Mrs. Pompley should come in ! And the man, too, had been announced by name. Mrs. Pompley might have learned already that a Digby was with her husband—she might be actually dressing to receive him worthily—there was not a moment to lose.

The colonel exploded. "Sir, I wonder at your impudence. See Mrs. Pompley ! Hush, sir, hush !—hold your tongue. I have disowned your connection. I will not have my wife—a woman, sir, of the first family—disgraced by it. Yes ; you need not fire up. John Pompley is not a man to be bullied in his own house. I say disgraced. Did not you run into debt, and spend your fortune ? Did not you marry a low creature—a vulgarian—a tradesman's daughter?—and your poor father such a respectable man—a benevolent clergyman ! Did not you sell your commission ? Heaven knows what became of the money ! Did not you turn (I shudder to say it) a common stage-player, sir ? And then, when you were on your last legs, did I not give you £200 out of my own purse to go to Canada ? And now here you are again—and ask

me, with a coolness that—that takes away my breath—takes away my breath, sir—to provide for the child you have thought proper to have;—a child whose connections on the mother's side are of the most abject and discreditable condition. Leave my house, leave it—good heavens, sir, not that way!—this." And the colonel opened the glass door that led into the garden. "I will let you out this way. If Mrs. Pompley should see you!" And with that thought the colonel absolutely hooked his arm into his poor relation's and hurried him into the garden.

Mr. Digby said not a word, but he struggled ineffectually to escape from the colonel's arm; and his color went and came, came and went, with a quickness that showed that in those shrunken veins there were still some drops of a soldier's blood.

But the colonel had now reached a little postern-door in the garden wall. He opened the latch, and thrust out his poor cousin. Then looking down the lane, which was long, straight, and narrow, and seeing it was quite solitary, his eye fell upon the forlorn man, and remorse shot through his heart. For a moment the hardest of all kinds of avarice, that of the *genteel*, relaxed its gripe. For a moment the most intolerant of all forms of pride, that which is based upon false pretences, hushed its voice, and the colonel hastily drew out his purse. "There," said he, "that is all I can do for you. Do leave the town as quick as you can, and don't mention your name to any one. Your father was such a respectable man—beneficed clergyman!"

"And paid for your commission, Mr. Pompley. My name!—I am not ashamed of it. But do not fear I shall claim your relationship. No; I am ashamed of you!"

The poor cousin put aside the purse, still stretched towards him, with a scornful hand, and walked firmly down the lane.

Colonel Pompley stood irresolute. At that moment a window in his house was thrown open. He heard the noise, turned round, and saw his wife looking out.

Colonel Pompley sneaked back through the shrubbery, hiding himself amongst the trees.

CHAPTER X.

"ILL-LUCK is a *bêtise*," said the great Cardinal Richelieu; and on the long run, I fear, his eminence was right. If you could drop Dick Avenel and Mr. Digby in the middle of Oxford Street—Dick in a fustian jacket, Digby in a suit of superfine—Dick with five shillings in his pocket, Digby with a thousand pounds—and if, at the end of ten years, you looked up your two men, Dick would be on his road to a fortune, Digby—what we have seen him! Yet Digby had no vice; he did not drink, nor gamble. What was he, then? Helpless. He had been an only son—a spoiled child—brought up as "a gentleman;" that is, as a man who was not expected to be able to turn his hand to anything. He entered, as we have seen, a very expensive regiment, wherein he found himself, at his father's death, with £4000, and the incapacity to say "No." Not naturally extravagant, but without an idea of the value of money—the easiest, gentlest, best-tempered man whom example ever led astray. This part of his career comprised a very common history—the poor man living on equal terms with the rich. Debt; recourse to usurers; bills signed sometimes for others, renewed at twenty per cent; the £4000 melted like snow;

pethetic appeal to relations; relations have children of their own; small help given grudgingly, eked out by much advice, and coupled with conditions. Amongst the conditions there was a very proper and prudent one—exchange into a less expensive regiment. Exchange effected; peace; obscure country quarters; *ennui*, flute-playing, and idleness. Mr. Digby had no resources on a rainy day—except flute-playing; pretty girl of inferior rank; all the officers after her; Digby smitten; pretty girl very virtuous; Digby forms honorable intentions; excellent sentiments; imprudent marriage. Digby falls in love; colonel's lady will not associate with Mrs. Digby; Digby cut by his whole kith and kin; many disagreeable circumstances in regimental life; Digby sells out; love in a cottage; execution in ditto. Digby had been much applauded as an amateur actor; thinks of the stage; *genteel comedy*—a gentlemanlike profession. Tries in a provincial town, under another name; unhappily succeeds; life of an actor; hand-to-mouth life; illness; chest affected; Digby's voice becomes hoarse and feeble; not aware of it; attributes failing success to ignorant provincial public; appears in London; is hissed; returns to provinces; sinks into very small parts; prison; despair; wife dies; appeal again to relations; a subscription made to get rid of him; send him out of the country; place in Canada—superintendent to an estate, £150 a year; pursued by ill-luck; never before fit for business, not fit now; honest as the day, but keeps slovenly accounts; child cannot bear the winter of Canada; Digby wrapped up in the child; returns home; mysterious life for two years; child patient, thoughtful, loving; has learned to work; manages for father; often supports him; constitution rapidly breaking; thought of what will become of his child—worst disease of all. Poor Digby!—Never did a base, cruel, unkind thing in his life; and here he is, walking down the lane from Colonel Pompley's house! Now, if Digby had but learned a little of the world's cunning, I think he would have succeeded even with Colonel Pompley. Had he spent the £100 received from Lord L'Estrange with a view to effect—had he bestowed a fitting wardrobe on himself and his pretty Helen; had he stopped at the last stage, taken thence a smart chaise and pair, and presented himself at Colonel Pompley's in a way that would not have discredited the colonel's connection, and then, instead of praying for home and shelter, asked the colonel to become guardian to his child in case of his death, I have a strong notion that the colonel, in spite of his avarice, would have stretched both ends so as to take in Helen Digby. But our poor friend had no such arts. Indeed, of the £100 he had already very little left, for before leaving town he had committed what Sheridan considered the extreme of extravagance—frittered away his money in paying his debts; and as for dressing up Helen and himself—if that thought had ever occurred to him, he would have rejected it as foolish. He would have thought that the more he showed his poverty, the more he would be pitied—the worst mistake a poor cousin can commit. According to Theophrastus, the partridge of Paphlagonia has two hearts; so have most men; it is the common mistake of the unlucky to knock at the wrong one.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. DIGBY entered the room of the inn in which he had left Helen. She was seated by the window,

and looking out wistfully on the narrow street, perhaps at the children at play. There had never been a playtime for Helen Digby. She sprang forward as her father came in. His coming was her holiday.

"We must go back to London," said Mr. Digby, sinking helplessly on the chair. Then, with his sort of sickly smile—for he was bland even to his child—"Will you kindly inquire when the first coach leaves?"

All the active cares of their careful life devolved upon that quiet child. She kissed her father, placed before him a cough-mixture which he had brought from London, and went out silently to make the necessary inquiries, and prepare for the journey back.

At eight o'clock the father and child were seated in the night-coach, with one other passenger—a man muffled up to the chin. After the first mile, the man let down one of the windows. Though it was summer, the air was chill and raw. Digby shivered and coughed.

Helen placed her hand on the window, and, leaning towards the passenger, whispered softly.

"Eh!" said the passenger, "draw up the windows! You have got your own window; this is mine. Oxygen, young lady," he added solemnly, "oxygen is the breath of life. Cott, child!" he continued, with suppressed cholera, and a Welsh pronunciation, "cott! let us breathe and live."

Helen was frightened, and recoiled.

Her father, who had not heard, or had not heeded, this colloquy, retreated into the corner, put up the collar of his coat, and coughed again.

"It is cold, my dear," said he languidly to Helen.

The passenger caught the word, and replied indignantly, but as if soliloquizing—

"Cold—ugh! I do believe the English are the stuffiest people! Look at their four-post beds!—all the curtains drawn, shutters closed, board before the chimney—not a house with a ventilator! Cold—ugh!"

The window next Mr. Digby did not fit well into its frame.

"There is a sad draught," said the invalid.

Helen instantly occupied herself in stopping up the chinks of the window with her handkerchief. Mr. Digby glanced ruefully at the other window. The look, which was very eloquent, aroused yet more the traveller's spleen.

"Pleasant!" said he. "Cott! I suppose you will ask me to go outside next! But people who travel in a coach should know the law of a coach. I don't interfere with your window; you have no business to interfere with mine."

"Sir, I did not speak," said Mr. Digby meekly.

"But Miss here did."

"Ah, sir!" said Helen plaintively, "if you knew how papa suffers!" And her hand again moved towards the obnoxious window.

"No, my dear; the gentleman is in his right," said Mr. Digby; and, bowing with his wonted suavity, he added, "excuse her, sir. She thinks a great deal too much of me."

The passenger said nothing, and Helen nestled closer to her father, and strove to screen him from the air.

The passenger moved uneasily. "Well," said he, with a sort of snort, "air is air, and right is right; but here goes"—and he hastily drew up the window.

Helen turned her face full towards the passenger with a grateful expression, visible even in the dim light.

"You are very kind, sir," said poor Mr. Digby; "I am ashamed to"—his cough choked the rest of the sentence.

The passenger, who was a plethoric, sanguineous man, felt as if he were stifling. But he took off his wrappers, and resigned the oxygen like a hero.

Presently he drew nearer to the sufferer, and laid hand on his wrist.

"You are feverish, I fear. I am a medical man. St!—one—two. Cott! you should not travel; you are not fit for it!"

Mr. Digby shook his head; he was too feeble to reply.

The passenger thrust his hand into his coat-pocket, and drew out what seemed a cigar-case, but what, in fact, was a leathern repertory, containing a variety of minute phials. From one of these phials he extracted two tiny globules. "There," said he; "open your mouth—put those on the tip of your tongue. They will lower the pulse—check the fever. Be better presently—but should not travel—want rest—you should be in bed. Aconite!—Henbane!—hum! Your papa is of fair complexion—timid character, I should say—a horror of work, perhaps. Eh, child?"

"Sir!" faltered Helen, astonished and alarmed—Was the man a conjurer?

"A case for *Phosphor!*" cried the passenger; "that fool Browne would have said *arsenic*. Don't be persuaded to take arsenic."

"Arsenic, sir?" echoed the mild Digby. "No; however unfortunate a man may be, I think, sir, that suicide is—tempting, perhaps, but highly criminal."

"Suicide," said the passenger tranquilly—"suicide is my hobby! You have no symptom of that kind, you say?"

"Good heavens! No, sir."

"If ever you feel violently impelled to drown yourself, take *pulsatilla*. But if you feel a preference towards blowing out your brains, accompanied with weight in the limbs, loss of appetite, dry cough and bad corns—*sulphuret of antimony*. Don't forget."

Though poor Mr. Digby confusedly thought that the gentleman was out of his mind, yet he tried politely to say "that he was much obliged, and would be sure to remember;" but his tongue failed him, and his own ideas grew perplexed. His head fell back heavily, and he sank into a silence which seemed that of sleep.

The traveller looked hard at Helen, as she gently drew her father's head on her shoulder, and there pillow'd it with a tenderness which was more than of mother than child.

"Moral affections—soft—compassionate!—a good child, and would go well with—*pulsatilla*."

Helen held up her finger, and glanced from her father to the traveller, and then to her father again.

"Certainly—*pulsatilla!*" muttered the homeopathist; and, ensconcing himself in his own corner, he also sought to sleep. But, after vain efforts, accompanied by restless gestures and movements, he suddenly started up, and again extracted his phial-book.

"What the deuce are they to me?" he muttered.

"Morbid sensibility of character—*coffee*? No!—accompanied by vivacity and violence—*Nux!*"

He brought his book to the window, contrived to read the label on a pigmy bottle. "Nux! that's it," he said—and he swallowed a globule!

"Now," quoth he, after a pause, "I don't care a straw for the misfortunes of other people—nay, I have half a mind to let down the window."

Helen looked up.

"But I won't," he added resolutely; and this time he fell fairly asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

THE coach stopped at eleven o'clock, to allow the passengers to sup. The homeopathist woke up, got out, gave himself a shake, and inhaled the fresh air into his vigorous lungs with an evident sensation of delight. He then turned and looked into the coach—

"Let your father get out, my dear," said he, with a tone more gentle than usual. "I should like to see him in-doors—perhaps I can do him good."

But what was Helen's terror when she found that her father did not stir! He was in a deep swoon, and still quite insensible when they lifted him from the carriage. When he recovered his senses, his cough returned, and the effort brought up blood.

It was impossible for him to proceed further. The homeopathist assisted to undress and put him into bed. And, having administered another of his mysterious globules, he inquired of the landlady how far it was to the nearest doctor—for the inn stood by itself in a small hamlet. There was the parish apothecary three miles off. But, on hearing that the gentlefolks employed Dr. Dosewell, and it was a good seven miles to his house, the homeopathist fetched a deep breath. The coach only stopped a quarter of an hour.

"Cott!" said he angrily to himself—"the nux was a failure. My sensibility is chronic. I must go through a long course to get rid of it. Hollo, guard! get out my carpet-bag. I shan't go on to-night."

And the good man, after a very slight supper, went up stairs again to the sufferer.

"Shall I send for Dr. Dosewell, sir?" asked the landlady, stopping him at the door.

"Hun! At what hour to-morrow does the next coach to London pass?"

"Not before eight, sir."

"Well, send for the doctor to be here at seven. That leaves us at least some hours free from allopathy and murder," grunted the disciple of Hahnemann, as he entered the room.

Whether it was the globule that the homeopathist had administered, or the effect of nature, aided by repose, that checked the effusion of blood, and restored some temporary strength to the poor sufferer, is more than it becomes one not of the faculty to opine. But certainly Mr. Digby seemed better, and he gradually fell into a profound sleep, but not till the doctor had put his ear to his chest, tapped it with his hand, and asked several questions; after which the homeopathist retired into a corner of the room, and, leaning his face on his hand, seemed to meditate. From his thoughts he was disturbed by a gentle touch. Helen was kneeling at his feet.

"Is he very ill—very?" said she; and her fond wistful eyes were fixed on the physician's with all the earnestness of despair.

"Your father is very ill," replied the doctor,

after a short pause. "He cannot move hence for some days at least. I am going to London—shall I call on your relations, and tell some of them to join you?"

"No, thank you, sir," answered Helen, coloring. "But do not fear; I can nurse papa. I think he has been worse before—that is, he has complained more."

The homeopathist rose and took two strides across the room, then he paused by the bed, and listened to the breathing of the sleeping man.

He stole back to the child, who was still kneeling, took her in his arms and kissed her. "Tama it," said he angrily, and putting her down, "go to bed now—you are not wanted any more."

"Please, sir," said Helen, "I cannot leave him so. If he wakes he would miss me."

The doctor's hand trembled: he had recourse to his globules. "Anxiety, grief suppressed," muttered he. "Don't you want to cry, my dear? Cry—do!"

"I can't," murmured Helen.

"*Pulsatilla!*" said the doctor, almost with triumph. "I said so from the first. Open your mouth—here! Good night. My room is opposite—No. 6; call me if he wakes."

CHAPTER XIII.

AT seven o'clock Dr. Dosewell arrived, and was shown into the room of the homeopathist, who, already up and dressed, had visited his patient.

"My name is Morgan," said the homeopathist—"I am a physician. I leave in your hands a patient whom, I fear, neither I nor you can restore. Come and look at him."

The two doctors went into the sick-room. Mr. Digby was very feeble, but he had recovered his consciousness, and inclined his head courteously.

"I am sorry to cause so much trouble," said he. The homeopathist drew away Helen; the allopathist seated himself by the bedside and put his questions, felt the pulse, sounded the lungs, and looked at the tongue of the patient. Helen's eye was fixed on the strange doctor, and her color rose, and her eye sparkled when he got up cheerfully, and said, in a pleasant voice, "You may have a little tea."

"Tea!" growled the homeopathist—"barbarian!"

"He is better, then, sir?" said Helen, creeping to the allopathist.

"Oh, yes, my dear—certainly; and we shall do very well, I hope."

The two doctors then withdrew.

"Last about a week!" said Dr. Dosewell, smiling pleasantly and showing a very white set of teeth.

"I should have said a month; but our systems are different," replied Dr. Morgan drily.

Dr. Dosewell, (courteously).—"We country doctors bow to our metropolitan superiors; what would you advise? You would venture, perhaps, the experiment of bleeding."

Dr. Morgan, (spluttering and growing Welsh, which he never did but in excitement).—"Plead! Cott in heaven! do you think I am a butcher—an executioner? Plead! Never."

Dr. Dosewell.—"I don't find it answer, myself, when both lungs are gone! But perhaps you are for inhaling."

Dr. Morgan.—"Fiddledee!"

Dr. Dosewell, (with some displeasure).—"What

would you advise, then, in order to prolong our patient's life for a month?"

Dr. Morgan.—"Stop the haemoptysis—give him *Rhus*!"

Dr. Dosewell.—"Rhus, sir! *Rhus!* I don't know that medicine. *Rhus!*"

Dr. Morgan.—"Rhus *Toxicodendron*."

The length of the last word excited Dr. Dosewell's respect. A word of five syllables—this was something like! He bowed deferentially, but still looked puzzled. At last he said, smiling frankly, "You great London practitioners have so many new medicines; may I ask what *Rhus toxicodendron*?"

"Dendron."

"Is!"

"The juice of the *Upas*—vulgarily called the Poison-Tree."

Dr. Dosewell started.

"*Upas*—poison-tree—little birds that come under the shade fall down dead! You give upas juice in haemoptysis—what's the dose?"

Dr. Morgan grinned maliciously, and produced a globule the size of a small pin's head.

Dr. Dosewell recoiled in disgust.

"Oh!" said he very coldly, and assuming at once an air of superb superiority, "I see—a homeopathist sir!"

"A homeopathist!"

"Um!"

"Um!"

"A strange system, Dr. Morgan," said Dr. Dosewell, recovering his cheerful smile, but with a curl of contempt in it, "and would soon do for the druggists."

"Serve 'em right. The drug ists soon do for the patients."

"Sir!"

"Sir!"

Dr. Dosewell, (with dignity.)—"You don't know, perhaps, Dr. Morgan, that I am an apothecary as well as a surgeon. In fact," he added with a certain grand humility, "I have not yet taken a diploma, and am but doctor by courtesy."

Dr. Morgan.—"All one, sir! Doctor signs the death-warrant—'pothecary does the deed!'"

Dr. Dosewell, (with a withering sneer.)—"Certainly we don't profess to keep a dying man alive upon the juice of the deadly upas-tree."

Dr. Morgan (complacently.)—"Of course you don't. There are no poisons with us. That's just the difference between you and me, Dr. Dosewell!"

Dr. Dosewell, (pointing to the homeopathist's travelling pharmacopoeia, and with affected candor.)—"Indeed, I have always said that if you can do no good, you can do no harm, with your infinitesimals."

Dr. Morgan, who had been obtuse to the insinuation of poisoning, fires up violently at the charge of doing no harm.

"You know nothing about it! I could kill quite as many people as you if I chose it; but I don't choose."

Dr. Dosewell, (shrugging up his shoulders.)—"Sir! 'tis no use arguing; the thing's against common sense. In short, it is my firm belief that it is—in a complete—"

Dr. Morgan.—"A complete what?"

Dr. Dosewell, (provoked to the utmost.)—"Humbug!"

Dr. Morgan.—"Humpug! Cott in heaven! You old—"

Dr. Dosewell.—"Old what, sir?"

Dr. Morgan, (at home in a series of alliterative vowels, which none but a Cymbrian could have uttered without gasping.)—"Old allopathical anthropophage!"

Dr. Dosewell, (starting up, seizing by the back the chair on which he had sat, and bringing it down violently on its four legs.)—"Sir!"

Dr. Morgan, (imitating the action with his own chair.)—"Sir!"

Dr. Dosewell.—"You're abusive."

Dr. Morgan.—"You're impertinent."

Dr. Dosewell.—"Sir!"

Dr. Morgan.—"Sir!"

The two rivals fronted each other.

They were both athletic men, and fiery men. Dr. Dosewell was the taller, but Dr. Morgan was the stouter. Dr. Dosewell on the mother's side was Irish; but Dr. Morgan on both sides was Welsh. All things considered, I would have backed Dr. Morgan if it had come to blows. But, luckily for the honor of science, here the chambermaid knocked at the door, and said, "The coach is coming, sir."

Dr. Morgan recovered his temper and his manners at that announcement. "Dr. Dosewell," said he, "I have been too hot—I apologize."

"Dr. Morgan," answered the allopathist, "I forgot myself. Your hand, sir."

Dr. Morgan.—"We are both devoted to humanity, though with different opinions. We should respect each other."

Dr. Dosewell.—"Where look for liberality, if men of science are illiberal to their brethren?"

Dr. Morgan, (aside.)—"The old hypocrite! He would pound me in a mortar if the law would let him."

Dr. Dosewell, (aside.)—"The wretched charlatan! I should like to pound him in a mortar."

Dr. Morgan.—"Good-by, my esteemed and worthy brother."

Dr. Dosewell.—"My excellent friend, good-by."

Dr. Morgan, (returning in haste.)—"I forgot. I don't think our poor patient is very rich. I confide him to your disinterested benevolence."—(Hurries away.)

Dr. Dosewell, (in a rage.)—"Seven miles at six o'clock in the morning, and perhaps done out of my fee! Quack! Villain!"

Meanwhile, Dr. Morgan had returned to the sick-room.

"I must wish you farewell," said he to poor Mr. Digby, who was languidly sipping his tea. "But you are in the hands of a—of a—gentleman in the profession."

"You have been too kind—I am shocked," said Mr. Digby. "Helen, where's my purse?"

Dr. Morgan paused.

He paused, first, because it must be owned that his practice was restricted, and a fee gratified the vanity natural to unappreciated talent, and had the charm of novelty which is sweet to human nature itself. Secondly, he was a man

Who knew his rights; and, knowing, dared maintain.

He had resigned a coach fare—stayed a night—and thought he had relieved his patient. He had a right to his fee.

On the other hand he paused, because, though he had small practice, he was tolerably well off, and did not care for money in itself, and he suspected his patient to be no Cræsus.

Meanwhile, the purse was in Helen's hand. He

took it from her, and saw but a few sovereigns within the well-worn net-work. He drew the child a little aside.

"Answer me, my dear, frankly—is your papa rich?" And he glanced at the shabby clothes strewed on the chair, and Helen's faded frock.

"Alas, no!" said Helen, hanging her head.

"Is that all you have?"

"All."

"I am ashamed to offer you two guineas," said Mr. Digby's hollow voice from the bed.

"And I should be still more ashamed to take them. Good-by, sir. Come here, my child. Keep your money, and don't waste it on the other doctor more than you can help. His medicines can do your father no good. But I suppose you must have some. He's no physician, therefore there's no fee. He'll send a bill—it can't be much. You understand. And now, God bless you."

Dr. Morgan was off. But as he paid the landlady his bill, he said, considerately, "The poor people up stairs can pay you, but not that doctor—and he's of no use. Be kind to the little girl, and get the doctor to tell his patient (quietly, of course) to write to his friends—soon—you understand. Somebody must take charge of the poor child. And stop—hold your hand; take care—these globules for the little girl when her father dies—(here the doctor muttered to himself, 'grief;—aconite')—and, if she cries too much afterwards, these (don't mistake.) Tears;—caustic!"

"Come, sir," cried the coachman.

"Coming; tears—caustic," repeated the homeopathist, pulling out his handkerchief and his phial-book together as he got into the coach. And he hastily swallowed his antilachrymal.

CHAPTER XIV.

RICHARD AVENEL was in a state of great nervous excitement. He proposed to give an entertainment of a kind wholly new to the experience of Screwstown. Mrs. M'Catchley had described with much eloquence the *déjeûns dansants* of her fashionable friends residing in the elegant suburbs of Wimbledon and Fulham. She declared that nothing was so agreeable. She had even said point-blank to Mr. Avenel, "Why don't you give a *déjeûne dansant*?" And, therewith, a *déjeûne dansant* Mr. Avenel resolved to give.

The day was fixed, and Mr. Avenel entered into all the requisite preparations, with the energy of a man and the providence of a woman.

One morning as he stood musing on the lawn, irresolute as to the best site for the tents, Leonard came up to him with an open letter in his hand.

"My dear uncle," said he, softly.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Avenel with a start.

"Ha—well—what now?"

"I have just received a letter from Mr. Dale. He tells me that my poor mother is very restless and uneasy, because he cannot assure her that he has heard from me; and his letter requires an answer. Indeed, I shall seem very ungrateful to him—to all—if I do not write."

Richard Avenel's brows met. He uttered an impatient "pish!" and turned away. Then coming back, he fixed his clear hawk-like eye on Leonard's ingenuous countenance, linked his arm in his nephew's, and drew him into the shrubbery.

"Well, Leonard," said he, after a pause, "it is time that I should give you some idea of my plans with regard to you. You have seen my manner of living—some difference from what you ever saw

before, I calculate! Now I have given you, what no one gave me, a lift in the world; and where I place you there you must help yourself."

"Such is my duty, and my desire," said Leonard, heartily.

"Good. You are a clever lad, and a genteel lad, and will do me credit. I have had doubts of what is best for you. At one time I thought of sending you to college. That, I know, is Mr. Dale's wish; perhaps it is your own. But I have given up that idea; I have something better for you. You have a clear head for business, and are a capital arithmetician. I think of bringing you up to superintend my business; by-and-by I will admit you into partnership; and before you are thirty you will be a rich man. Come, does that suit you?"

"My dear uncle," said Leonard frankly, but much touched by this generosity, "it is not for me to have a choice. I should have preferred going to college, because there I might gain independence for myself, and cease to be a burden on you. Moreover, my heart moves me to studies more congenial with the college than the counting-house. But all this is nothing compared with my wish to be of use to you, and to prove in any way, however feebly, my gratitude for all your kindness."

"You're a good, grateful, sensible lad," exclaimed Richard heartily; "and believe me, though I'm a rough diamond, I have your true interest at heart. You can be of use to me, and in being so you will best serve yourself. To tell you the truth, I have some idea of changing my condition. There's a lady of fashion and quality who, I think, may condescend to become Mrs. Avenel; and if so, I shall probably reside a great part of the year in London. I don't want to give up my business. No other investment will yield the same interest. But you can soon learn to superintend it for me, as some day or other I may retire, and then you can step in. Once a member of our great commercial class, and with your talents, you may be anything—member of Parliament, and, after that, minister of state, for what I know. And my wife—her!—that is to be—has great connections, and you shall marry well; and—oh, the Avenels will hold their heads with the highest, after all! Damn the aristocracy—we clever fellows will be the aristocrats—eh?" Richard rubbed his hands.

Certainly, as we have seen, Leonard, especially in his earlier steps to knowledge, had repined at his position in the many degrees of life—certainly he was still ambitious—certainly he could not now have returned contentedly to the humble occupation he had left; and woe to the young man who does not bear, with a quickened pulse, and brightening eye, words that promise independence, and flatter with the hope of distinction! Still, it was with all the reaction of chill and mournful disappointment that Leonard, a few hours after this dialogue with his uncle, found himself alone in the fields, and pondering over the prospects before him. He had set his heart upon completing his intellectual education, upon developing those powers within him which yearned for an arena of literature, and revolted from the routine of trade. But to his credit be it said that he vigorously resisted this natural disappointment, and by degrees schooled himself to look cheerfully on the path imposed on his duty, and sanctioned by the manly sense that was at the core of his character.

I believe that this self-conquest showed that the boy had true genius. The false genius would have written sonnets and despised.

But still Richard Avenel left his nephew sadly perplexed as to the knotty question from which their talk on the future had diverged—viz., should he write to the parson; and assure the fears of his mother! How do so without Richard's consent, when Richard had on a former occasion so imperiously declared that, if he did, it would lose his mother all that Richard intended to settle on her. While he was debating this matter with his conscience, leaning against a stile that interrupted a path to the town, Leonard Fairfield was startled by an exclamation. He looked up, and beheld Mr. Sprott, the tinker.

CHAPTER XV.

THE tinker, blacker and grimmer than ever, stared hard at the altered person of his old acquaintance, and extended his sable fingers, as if inclined to convince himself by the sense of touch that it was Leonard in the flesh that he beheld, under vestments so marvellously elegant and preternaturally spruce.

Leonard shrank mechanically from the contact, while in great surprise he faltered—

" You here, Mr. Sprott! What could bring you so far from home? "

" One!" echoed the tinker, " I 'as no 'ome! or rayther, d'ye see, Muster Fairfitt, I makes myself at 'ome verever I goes! Lor' love ye, I ben't settled on no parridge. I vanders here and I vanders there, and that's my 'ome verever I can mend my kettles, and sell my tracks! "

So saying, the tinker slid his panniers on the ground, gave a grunt of release and satisfaction, and seated himself with great composure on the stile, from which Leonard had retreated.

" But, dash my vig," resumed Mr. Sprott, as he once more surveyed Leonard, " vy, you bees a rale gentleman now, surely! Vot's the dodge—eh? "

" Dodge!" repeated Leonard mechanically—" I don't understand you." Then, thinking that it was neither necessary nor expedient to keep up his acquaintance with Mr. Sprott, nor prudent to expose himself to the battery of questions which he foresaw that further parley would bring upon him, he extended a crown-piece to the tinker; and saying with a half smile, " You must excuse me for leaving you—I have business in the town; and do me the favor to accept this trifle," he walked briskly off.

The tinker looked long at the crown-piece, and then, sliding it into his pocket, said to himself—

" Ho—'ush-money! No go, my swell cove."

After venting that brief soliloquy he sat silent a little while, till Leonard was nearly out of sight, then rose, resumed his fardel, and, creeping quick along the hedgerows, followed Leonard towards the town. Just in the last field, as he looked over the hedge, he saw Leonard accosted by a gentleman of comely mien and important swagger. That gentleman soon left the young man, and came, whistling loud, up the path, and straight towards the tinker. Mr. Sprott looked round, but the hedge was too neat to allow of a good hiding-place, so he put a bold front on it, and stepped forth like a man. But, alas for him! before he got into the public path, the proprietor of the land, Mr. Richard Avenel, (for the gentleman was no less a personage,) had spied out the trespasser, and called to him with a " Hillo, fellow," that bespoke all the dignity of a man who owns acres, and all the wrath of a man who beholds those acres impudently invaded.

The tinker stopped, and Mr. Avenel stalked up to him.

" What the devil are you doing on my property, lurking by my hedge? I suspect you are an incendiary!"

" I be a tinker," quoth Mr. Sprott, not louting low, (for a sturdy republican was Mr. Sprott,) but like a lord of humankind,

Pride in his port, defiance in his eye.

Mr. Avenel's fingers itched to knock the tinker's villainous hat off his jacobinical head, but he repressed the undignified impulse by thrusting both hands deep into his trousers' pockets.

" A tinker!" he cried—" that's a vagrant; and I'm a magistrate, and I've a great mind to send you to the treadmill—that I have. What do you do here, I say? You have not answered my question?"

" What does I do 'ere?" said Mr. Sprott. " Vy, you had better ax my erakter of the young gent I saw you talking with just now; he knows me!"

" What! my nephew know you?"

" W—hew," whistled the tinker, " your nephew is it, sir? I have a great respek for your family. I've known Mrs. Fairfitt, the vashervoman, this many a year. I 'umbly ax your pardon." And he took off his hat this time.

Mr. Avenel turned red and white in a breath. He growled out something inaudible, turned on his heel, and strode off. The tinker watched him as he had watched Leonard, and then dogged the uncle as he had dogged the nephew. I don't presume to say that there was cause and effect in what happened that night, but it was what is called "a curious coincidence," that that night one of Richard Avenel's ricks was set on fire; and that that day he had called Mr. Sprott an incendiary. Mr. Sprott was a man of a very high spirit, and did not forgive an insult easily. His nature was inflammatory, and so was that of the lucifers which he always carried about him, with his tracts and glue-pots.

The next morning there was an inquiry made for the tinker, but he had disappeared from the neighborhood.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a fortunate thing that the *déjeûné dansant* so absorbed Mr. Richard Avenel's thoughts, that even the conflagration of his rick could not scare away the graceful and poetic images connected with that pastoral festivity. He was even loose and careless in the questions he put to Leonard about the tinker; nor did he set justice in pursuit of that itinerant trader; for, to say the truth, Richard Avenel was a man accustomed to make enemies amongst the lower orders; and though he suspected Mr. Sprott of destroying his rick, yet, when he once set about suspecting, he found he had quite as good cause to suspect fifty other persons. How on earth could a man puzzle himself about ricks and tinkers, when all his cares and energies were devoted to a *déjeûné dansant*? It was a maxim of Richard Avenel's, as it ought to be of every clever man, "to do one thing at a time;" and therefore he postponed all other considerations till the *déjeûné dansant* was fairly done with. Amongst these considerations was the letter which Leonard wished to write to the parson. " Wait a bit, and we will *both* write!" said Richard, good-humoredly, " the moment the *déjeûné dansant* is over!"

It must be owned that this fête was no ordinary provincial ceremonial. Richard Avenel was a man to do a thing well when he set about it—

He soused the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

By little and little his first notions had expanded, till what had been meant to be only neat and elegant now embraced the costly and magnificent. Artificers accustomed to *déjûné dansants* came all the way from London to assist, to direct, to create. Hungarian singers, and Tyrolese singers, and Swiss peasant-women who were to chant the *Ranz des Vaches*, and milk cows or make syllabubs, were engaged. The great marquee was decorated as a Gothic banquet hall; the breakfast itself was to consist of "all the delicacies of the season." In short, as Richard Avenel said to himself, "It is a thing once in a way; a thing on which I don't object to spend money, provided that the thing is—the thing!"

It had been a matter of grave meditation how to make the society worthy of the revel; for Richard Avenel was not contented with the mere aristocracy of the town—his ambition had grown with his expenses. "Since it will cost so much," said he, "I may as well come it strong, and get in the county."

True, that he was personally acquainted with very few of what are called county families. But still, when a man makes himself of mark in a large town, and can return one of the members whom that town sends to Parliament; and when, moreover, that man proposes to give some superb and original entertainment, in which the old can eat and the young can dance, there is no county in the island that has not families know who will be delighted by an invitation from THAT MAN. And so Richard, finding that, as the thing got talked of, the dean's lady, and Mrs. Pompley, and various other great personages, took the liberty to suggest that Squire this, and Sir Somebody that, would be *so* pleased if they were asked, fairly took the bull by the horns, and sent out his cards to Park, Hall, and Rectory, within a circumference of twelve miles. He met with but few refusals, and he now counted upon five hundred guests.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," said Mr. Richard Avenel. "I wonder what Mrs. M'Catchley will say?" Indeed, if the whole truth must be known, Mr. Richard Avenel not only gave that *déjûné dansant* in honor of Mrs. M'Catchley, but he had fixed in his heart of hearts upon that occasion, (when surrounded by all his splendor, and assisted by the seductive arts of Terpsichore and Bacchus,) to whisper to Mrs. M'Catchley those soft words which—but why not here let Mr. Richard Avenel use his own idiomatic and unsophisticated expression? "Please the pigs, then," said Mr. Avenel to himself, "I shall pop the question!"

CHAPTER XVII.

The great day arrived at last; and Mr. Richard Avenel, from his dressing-room window, looked on the scene below, as Hannibal or Napoleon looked from the Alps on Italy. It was a scene to gratify the thought of conquest, and reward the labors of ambition. Placed on a little eminence stood the singers from the mountains of the Tyrol, their high-crowned hats, and filigree buttons, and gay sashes, gleaming in the sun. Just seen from his place of watch, though concealed from the casual eye, the Hungarian musician lay in ambush amidst

a little belt of laurels and American shrubs. Far to the right lay what had once been called (*horresco referens*) the duck-pond, where—*Dulce sonant tenui gulture carmen aves*. But the ruthless ingenuity of the head artificer had converted the duck-pond into a Swiss lake despite grievous wrongs and sorrows to the *assuetum innocuunque genus*—the familiar and harmless habitants, who had been all expatriated and banished from their native waves. Large poles twisted with fir branches, stuck thickly around the lake, gave to the waters a becoming Helvetian gloom. And here, beside three cows all bedecked with ribbons, stood the Swiss maidens destined to startle the shades with the *Ranz des Vaches*. To the left, full upon the sward, which it almost entirely covered, stretched the great Gothic marquee, divided into two grand sections—one for the *dancing*, one for the *déjûné*.

The day was propitious—not a cloud in the sky. The musicians were already tuning their instruments; figures of waiters—hired of Gunter—trim and decorous, in black trousers and white waistcoats, passed to and fro the space between the house and marquee. Richard looked and looked; and as he looked he drew mechanically his razor across the strop; and when he had looked his fill, he turned reluctantly to the glass and shaved! All that blessed morning he had been too busy, till then, to think of shaving.

There is a vast deal of character in the way that a man performs that operation of shaving! You should have seen Richard Avenel shave! You could have judged at once how he would shave his neighbors, when you saw the celerity, the completeness, with which he shaved himself—a fore-stroke and a backstroke, and *tondenti barba cadebat!* Cheek and chin were as smooth as glass. You would have buttoned up your pockets instinctively if you had seen him.

But the rest of Mr. Avenel's toilet was not completed with correspondent despatch. On his bed, and on his chairs, and on his sofa, and on his drawers, lay trousers and vests, and cravats, enough to distract the choice of a Stoic. And first one pair of trousers was tried on, and then another—and one waistcoat, and then a second, and then a third. Gradually that *chef d'œuvre* of civilization—a man dressed—grew into development and form; and, finally, Mr. Richard Avenel emerged into the light of day. He had been lucky in his costume—he felt it. It might not suit every one in color or cut, but it suited him.

And this was his garb. On such occasions, what epic poet would not describe the robe and tunie of a hero?

His surtout—in modern phrase, his frockcoat—was blue, a rich blue, a blue that the royal brothers of George the Fourth were wont to favor. And the surtout, single-breasted, was thrown open gallantly; and in the second button-hole thereof was a moss rose. The vest was white, and the trousers a pearl-gray, with what tailors style "a handsome fall over the boot." A blue and white silk cravat, tied loose and debonair; an ample field of shirt front, with plain gold studs; a pair of lemon-colored kid gloves, and a white hat, placed somewhat too knowingly on one side, complete the description, and "give the world assurance of the man." And, with his light, firm, well-shaped figure, his clear complexion, his keen bright eye, and features that bespoke the courage, precision, and alertness of his character—that is to say, features bold, not large, well-defined, and regular.

—you might walk long through town or country before you would see a handsomer specimen of humanity than our friend, Richard Avenel.

Handsome, and feeling that he was handsome; rich, and feeling that he was rich; lord of the fête, and feeling that he was lord of the fête, Richard Avenel stepped out upon his lawn.

And now the dust began to rise along the road, and carriages, and gigs, and chaises, and flies, might be seen at near intervals and in quick procession. People came pretty much about the same time—as they do in the country—Heaven reward them for it!

Richard Avenel was not quite at his ease at first in receiving his guests, especially those whom he did not know by sight. But when the dancing began, and he had secured the fair hand of Mrs. M'Catchley for the initiatory quadrille, his courage and presence of mind returned to him; and, seeing that many people whom he had not received at all seemed to enjoy themselves very much, he gave up the attempt to receive those who came after—and that was a great relief to all parties.

Meanwhile Leonard looked on the animated scene with a silent melancholy, which he in vain endeavoured to shake off—a melancholy more common amongst very young men in such scenes as we are apt to suppose. Somehow or other the pleasure was not congenial to him; he had no Mrs. M'Catchley to endear it—he knew very few people—he was shy—he felt his position with his uncle was equivocal—he had not the habit of society—he heard incidentally many an ill-natured remark upon his uncle and the entertainment—he felt indignant and mortified. He had been a great deal happier eating his radishes, and reading his book by the little fountain in Riccabocca's garden. He retired to a quiet part of the grounds, seated himself under tree, leant his cheek on his hand, and mused. He was soon far away;—happy age, when, whatever the present, the future seems so fair and so infinite!

But now the *déjeûné* had succeeded the earlier dances; and, as champagne flowed royally, it is astonishing how the entertainment brightened.

The sun was beginning to slope towards the west, when, during a temporary cessation of the dance, all the guests had assembled in such space as the tent left on the lawn, or thickly filled the walks immediately adjoining it. The gay dresses of the ladies, the joyous laughter heard everywhere, and the brilliant sunlight over all, conveyed even to Leonard the notion, not of mere hypocritical pleasure, but actual healthful happiness. He was attracted from his reverie, and timidly mingled with the groups. But Richard Avenel, with the fair Mrs. M'Catchley—her complexion more vivid, and her eyes more dazzling, and her step more elastic than usual—had turned from the gayety just as Leonard had turned towards it, and was now on the very spot (remote, obscure, shaded by the few trees above five years old that Mr. Avenel's property boasted) which the young dreamer had deserted.

And then! Ah then! moment so meet for the sweet question of questions, place so appropriate for the delicate, bashful, murmured popping thereof!—suddenly from the sward before, from the groups beyond, there floated to the ears of Richard Avenel an indescribable, mingled, ominous sound—a sound as of a general titter—a horrid, malignant, but low cacochiny. And Mrs. M'Catchley, stretching forth her parasol, exclaimed, “Dear me,

Mr. Avenel, what can they be all crowding there for?”

There are certain sounds and certain sights—the one indistinct, the other vaguely conjecturable—which nevertheless, we know by an instinct, bode some diabolical agency at work in our affairs. And if any man gives an entertainment, and hears afar a general ill-suppressed derisive titter, and sees all his guests hurrying towards one spot, I defy him to remain unmoved and unquisitive. I defy him still more to take that precise occasion (however much he may have before designed it) to drop gracefully on his right knee before the handsomest Mrs. M'Catchley in the universe, and—pop the question! Richard Avenel blurted out something very like an oath; and, half-guessing that something must have happened that it would not be pleasing to bring immediately under the notice of Mrs. M'Catchley, he said hastily—“Excuse me. I'll just go and see what is the matter—pray, stay till I come back.” With that he sprang forth; in a minute he was in the midst of the group, that parted aside with the most obliging complacency to make way for him.

“But what's the matter?” he asked impatiently, yet fearfully. Not a voice answered. He strode on, and beheld his nephew in the arms of a woman!

“God bless my soul!” said Richard Avenel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

And such a woman!

She had on a cotton gown—very neat, I dare say—for an under housemaid: and such thick shoes! She had on a little black straw bonnet; and a kerchief, that might have cost ten pence, pinned across her waist instead of a shawl; and she looked altogether—respectable, no doubt, but exceedingly dusty! And she was hanging upon Leonard's neck, and scolding, and caressing, and crying very loud. “God bless my soul!” said Mr. Richard Avenel.

And as he uttered that innocent self-benediction, the woman hastily turned round, and, darting from Leonard, threw herself right upon Richard Avenel—burying under her embrace blue-coat, moss-rose white waistcoat and all—with a vehement sob and a loud exclamation!

“Oh! brother Dick!—dear, dear brother Dick! and I lives to see thee agin!” And then came two such kisses—you might have heard them a mile off! The situation of brother Dick was appalling; and the crowd, that had before only tittered politely, could not now resist the effect of this sudden embrace. There was a general explosion! It was a roar! That roar would have killed a weak man; but it sounded to the strong heart of Richard Avenel like the defiance of a foe, and it plucked forth in an instant from all conventional let and barrier the native spirit of the Anglo-Saxon.

He lifted abruptly his handsome masculine head, looked round the ring of his ill-bred visitors with a haughty stare of rebuke and surprise.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” then said he very coolly, “I don't see what there is to laugh at! A brother and sister meet after many years' separation, and the sister cries, poor thing. For my part, I think it very natural that *she* should cry; but not that you should laugh!” In an instant the whole shame was removed from Richard Avenel, and rested in full weight upon the bystanders. It is impossible to say how foolish and sheepish they all looked, nor how slinkingly each tried to creep off

Richard Avenel seized his advantage with the promptitude of a man who had got on in America, and was therefore accustomed to make the best of things. He drew Mrs. Fairfield's arm in his, and led her into the house; but when he had got her safe into his parlor—Leonard following all the time—and the door was closed upon those three, then Richard Avenel's ire burst forth.

"You impudent, ungrateful, audacious—drab!"

Yes, drab was the word. I am shocked to say it, but the duties of a historian are stern; and the word was drab.

"Drab!" faltered poor Jane Fairfield; and she clutched hold of Leonard to save herself from falling.

"Sir!" cried Leonard fiercely.

You might as well have cried "sir," to a mountain torrent. Richard hurried on, for he was furious.

"You nasty, dirty, dusty dowdy! How dare you come here to disgrace me in my own house and premises, after my sending you fifty pounds? To take the very time, too, when—when!"

Richard gasped for breath; and the laugh of his guests rang in his ears, and got into his chest, and choked him. Jane Fairfield drew herself up, and her tears were dried.

"I did not come to disgrace you; I came to see my boy, and—"

"Ha!" interrupted Richard, "see him."

He turned to Leonard: "You have written to this woman, then?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"I believe you lie."

"He does not lie; and he is as good as yourself, and better, Richard Avenel," exclaimed Mrs. Fairfield; "and I won't stand here and hear him insulted—that's what I won't. And as for your fifty pounds, there are forty-five of it; and I'll work my fingers to the bone till I pay back the other five. And don't be afraid I shall disgrace you, for I'll never look on your face again; and you're a wicked bad man—that's what you are."

The poor woman's voice was so raised, and so shrill, that any other and more remorseful feeling which Richard might have conceived was drowned in his apprehension that she would be overheard by his servants or his guests—a masculine apprehension, with which females rarely sympathize; which, on the contrary, they are inclined to consider a mean and cowardly terror on the part of their male oppressors.

"Hush! hold your infernal squall—do!" said Mr. Avenel in a tone that he meant to be soothng. "There—sit down—and don't stir till I come back again, and can talk to you calmly. Leonard, follow me, and help to explain things to our guests."

Leonard stood still, but shook his head slightly.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Richard Avenel, in a very portentous growl. "Shaking your head at me? Do you intend to disobey me? You had better take care!"

Leonard's front rose; he drew one arm round his mother, and thus he spoke:—

"Sir, you have been kind to me, and generous, and that thought alone silenced my indignation, when I heard you address such language to my mother; for I felt that, if I spoke, I should say too much. Now I speak, and it is to say shortly that"—

"Hush, boy," said poor Mrs. Fairfield frightened; "don't mind me. I did not come to make mischief, and ruin your prospepx. I'll go!"

"Will you ask her pardon, Mr. Avenel?" said Leonard firmly; and he advanced towards his uncle.

Richard, naturally hot and intolerant of contradiction, was then excited, not only by the angry emotions which, it must be owned, a man so mortified and in the very flush of triumph, might well experience, but by much more wine than he was in the habit of drinking; and when Leonard approached him he misinterpreted the movement into one of menace and aggression. He lifted his arm: "Come a step nearer," said he between his teeth, "and I'll knock you down." Leonard advanced that forbidden step; but as Richard caught his eye, there was something in that eye—not defying, not threatening, but bold and dauntless—which Richard recognized and respected, for that something spoke the freeman. The uncle's arm mechanically fell to his side.

"You cannot strike me, Mr. Avenel," said Leonard, "for you are aware that I could not strike again my mother's brother. As her son, I once more say to you—ask her pardon."

"Ten thousand devils! Are you mad?—or do you want to drive me mad? you insolent beggar, fed and clothed by my charity. Ask her pardon!—what for? That she has made me the object of jeer and ridicule with that d—d cotton gown, and those double-d—d thick shoes! I vow and protest they've got nails in them! Hark ye, sir, I've been insulted by her, but I'm not to be bullied by you. Come with me instantly, or I discard you: not a shilling of mine shall you have as long as I live. Take your choice—be a peasant, a laborer, or"—

"A base renegade to natural affection, a degraded beggar indeed!" cried Leonard, his breast heaving, and his cheeks in a glow. "Mother, mother, come away. Never fear—I have strength and youth, and we will work together as before."

But poor Mrs. Fairfield, overcome by her excitement, had sunk down into Richard's own handsome morocco leather easy-chair, and could neither speak nor stir.

"Confound you both!" muttered Richard. "You can't be seen creeping out of my house now. Keep her here, you young viper, you; keep her till I come back; and then, if you choose to go, go and be!"

Not finishing his sentence, Mr. Avenel hurried out of the room, and locked the door, putting the key into his pocket. He paused for a moment in the hall, in order to collect his thoughts—drew three or four deep breaths—gave himself a great shake—and, resolved to be faithful to his principle of doing one thing at a time, shook off in that shake all disturbing recollection of his mutinous captives. Stern as Achilles when he appeared to the Trojans, Richard Avenel stalked back to his lawn.

CHAPTER XIX.

BRIEF as had been his absence, the host could see that, in the interval, a great and notable change had come over the spirit of his company. Some of those who lived in the town were evidently preparing to return home on foot; those who lived at a distance, and whose carriages (having been sent away, and ordered to return at a fixed hour) had not yet arrived, were gathered together in small knots and groups: all looked sullen and displeased, and all instinctively turned from their host as he passed them by. They felt they had been lectured, and they were more put out than Richard himself. They did not know if they might not be lectured

again. This vulgar man, of what might he not be capable!

Richard's shrewd sense comprehended in an instant all the difficulties of his position; but he walked on deliberately and directly towards Mrs. M'Catchley, who was standing near the grand marquee with the Pompleys and the dean's lady. As these personages saw him make thus boldly towards them, there was a flutter. "Hang the fellow!" said the colonel, intrenching himself in his stock, "he is coming here. Low and shocking—what shall we do? Let us stroll on."

But Richard threw himself in the way of the retreat.

"Mrs. M'Catchley," said he very gravely, and offering her his arm, "allow me three words with you."

The poor widow looked very much discomposed. Mrs. Pompley pulled her by the sleeve. Richard still stood gazing into her face, his arm extended. She hesitated a minute, and then took the arm.

"Monstrous impudent!" cried the colonel.

"Let Mrs. M'Catchley alone, my dear," responded Mrs. Pompley; "she will know how to give him a lesson!"

"Madam," said Richard, as soon as he and his companion were out of hearing, "I rely on you to do me a favor."

"On me?"

"On you, and you alone. You have influence with all these people, and a word from you will effect what I desire. Mrs. M'Catchley," added Richard, with a solemnity that was actually imposing, "I flatter myself that you have some friendship for me, which is more than I can say of any other soul in these grounds—will you do me this favor, ay or no?"

"What is it, Mr. Avenel?" asked Mrs. M'Catchley, much disturbed, and somewhat softened—for she was by no means a woman without feeling; indeed, she considered herself nervous.

"Get all your friends—all the company in short—to come back into the tent for refreshments—for anything. I want to say a few words to them."

"Bless me! Mr. Avenel—a few words!" cried the widow, "but that's just what they are all afraid of! You must pardon me, but you really can't ask people to a *déjeûné dansant*, and then—scold 'em!"

"I'm not going to scold them," said Mr. Avenel, very seriously—"upon my honor, I'm not! I'm going to make all right, and I even hope afterwards that the dancing may go on—and that you will honour me again with your hand. I leave you to your task; and, believe me, I'm not an ungrateful man." He spoke, and bowed—not without some dignity—and vanished within the breakfast division of the marquee. There he busied himself in re-collecting the waiters, and directing them to rearrange the mangled remains of the table as they best could. Mrs. M'Catchley, whose curiosity and interest were aroused, executed her commission with all the ability and tact of a woman of the world, and in less than a quarter of an hour the marquee was filled—the corks flew—the champagne bounced and sparkled—people drank in silence, munched fruits and cakes, kept up their courage with the conscious sense of numbers, and felt a great desire to know what was coming. Mr. Avenel, at the head of the table, suddenly rose.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I have taken the liberty to invite you once more into this tent, in order to ask you to sympathize with me,

upon an occasion which took us all a little by surprise to-day.

"Of course, you all know I am a new man—the maker of my own fortunes."

A great many heads bowed involuntarily. The words were said manfully, and there was a general feeling of respect.

"Probably, too," resumed Mr. Avenel, "you may know that I am the son of very honest tradespeople. I say honest, and they are not ashamed of me—I say tradespeople, and I'm not ashamed of them. My sister married and settled at a distance. I took her son to educate and bring up. But I did not tell her where he was, nor even that I had returned from America—I wished to choose my own time for that, when I could give her the surprise, not only of a rich brother, but of a son whom I intended to make a gentleman, so far as manners and education can make one. Well, the poor dear woman has found me out sooner than I expected, and turned the tables on me by giving me a surprise of her own invention. Pray, forgive the confusion this little family scene has created; and though I own it was very laughable at the moment, and I was wrong to say otherwise, yet I am sure I don't judge ill of your good hearts when I ask you to think what brother and sister must feel who parted from each other when they were boy and girl. To me—and Richard gave a great gulp, for he felt that a great gulp alone could swallow the abominable lie he was about to utter)—to me this has been a *very happy occasion*! I'm a plain man: no one can take ill what I've said. And wishing that you may be all as happy in your family as I am in mine—humble though it be—I beg to drink your very good healths!"

There was an universal applause when Richard sat down—and so well in his plain way had he looked the thing, and done the thing, that at least half of those present—who till then had certainly disliked and half-despised him—suddenly felt that they were proud of his acquaintance. For however aristocratic this country of ours may be, and however especially aristocratic be the genteeler classes in provincial towns and coteries—there is nothing which English folks, from the highest to the lowest, in their hearts so respect as a man who has risen from nothing, and owns it frankly! Sir Compton Delaval, an old baronet, with a pedigree as long as a Welshman's, who had been reluctantly decoyed to the feast by his three unmarried daughters—not one of whom, however, had hitherto descended even to bow to the host—now rose. It was his right—he was the first person there in rank and station.

"Ladies and gentlemen," quoth Sir Compton Delaval, "I am sure that I express the feelings of all present when I say that we have heard with great delight and admiration the words addressed to us by our excellent host. (Applause.) And if any of us, in what Mr. Avenel describes justly as the seemly merriment at—at"—(the dean's lady whispered "some of the")—"some of the—some of the"—repeated Sir Compton, puzzled, and coming to a dead lock—"holiest sentiments," whispered the dean's lady)—"ay, some of the holiest sentiments in our nature—I beg him to accept our sincerest apologies. I can only say, for my part, that I am proud to rank Mr. Avenel amongst the gentlemen of the county, (here Sir Compton gave a sounding thump on the table,) and to thank him for one of the most brilliant entertainments it has ever been

my lot to witness. If he won his fortune honestly, he knows how to spend it nobly!"

Whiz went a fresh bottle of champagne.

"I am not accustomed to public speaking, but I could not repress my sentiments. And I've now only to propose to you the health of our host, Richard Avenel, Esquire; and to couple with that the health of his—very interesting sister, and long life to them both!"

The sentence was half drowned in enthusiastic plaudits, and in three cheers for Richard Avenel, Esquire, and his very interesting sister.

"I'm a cursed humbug," thought Richard Avenel, as he wiped his forehead; "but the world is such a humbug!"

Then he glanced towards Mrs. M'Catchley, and, to his great satisfaction, saw Mrs. M'Catchley wiping her eyes.

Now, though the fair widow might certainly have contemplated the probability of accepting Mr. Avenel as a husband, she had never before felt the least bit in love with him; and now she did. There is something in courage and candor—at a word, in manliness—that all women, the most worldly, do admire in men; and Richard Avenel, humbug though his conscience said he was, seemed to Mrs. M'Catchley like a hero.

The host saw his triumph. "Now for another dance!" said he gayly; and he was about to offer his hand to Mrs. M'Catchley, when Sir Compton Delaval, seizing it, and giving it a hearty shake, cried, "You have not yet danced with my eldest daughter; so, if you won't ask her, why, I must offer her to you as your partner. Here—Sarah."

Miss Sarah Delaval, who was five feet eight, and as stately as she was tall, bowed her head graciously; and Mr. Avenel, before he knew where he was, found her leaning on his arm. But as he passed into the next division of the tent, he had to run the gauntlet of all the gentlemen, who thronged round to shake hands with him. Their warm English hearts could not be satisfied till they had so repaired the sin of their previous haughtiness and mockery. Richard Avenel might then have safely introduced his sister—gown, kerchief, thick shoes, and all—to the crowd; but he had no such thought. He thanked Heaven devoutly that she was safely under lock and key.

It was not till the third dance that he could secure Mrs. M'Catchley's hand, and then it was twilight. The carriages were at the door, but no one yet thought of going. People were really enjoying themselves. Mr. Avenel had had time, in the interim, to mature all his plans for completing and consummating that triumph which his tact and pluck had drawn from his momentary disgrace. Excited as he was with wine and suppressed passion, he had yet the sense to feel that, when all the halo that now surrounded him had evaporated, and Mrs. M'Catchley was redelivered up to the Pompleys, whom he felt to be the last persons his interest could desire for her advisers—the thought of his low relations would return with calm reflection. Now was the time. The iron was hot—now was the time to strike it, and forge the enduring chain.

As he led Mrs. M'Catchley after the dance, into the lawn, he therefore said tenderly—

"How shall I thank you for the favor you have done?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. M'Catchley warmly, "it was no favor—and I am so glad"—She stopped.

"You're not ashamed of me, then, in spite of what has happened?"

"Ashamed of you! Why, I should be so proud of you, if I were!"

"Finish the sentence, and say—'your wife!'—there, it is out. My dear madam, I am rich, as you know; I love you very heartily. With your help, I think I can make a figure in a larger world than this; and that whatever my father, my grandson at least will be—but it is time enough to speak of him. What say you?—you turn away. I'll not tease you—it is not my way. I said before, ay or no; and your kindness so emboldens me that I say it again—ay or no?"

"But you take me so unawares—so—so—Lord, my dear Mr. Avenel; you are so hasty—I—I—" And the widow actually blushed, and was genuinely bashful.

"Those horrid Pompleys!" thought Richard, as he saw the colonel bustling up with Mrs. M'Catchley's cloak on his arm.

"I press for your answer," continued the suitor, speaking very fast, "I shall leave this place tomorrow, if you will not give it."

"Leave this place—leave me?"

"Then you will be mine?"

"Ah, Mr. Avenel!" said the widow, languidly, and leaving her hand in his; "who can resist you?"

Up came Colonel Pompley; Richard took the shawl; "No hurry for that now, colonel—Mrs. M'Catchley feels already at home here."

Ten minutes afterwards, Richard Avenel so contrived that it was known by the whole company that their host was accepted by the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. And every one said, "He is a very clever man, and a very good fellow," except the Pompleys—and the Pompleys were frantic. Mr. Richard Avenel had forced his way into the aristocracy of the country. The husband of an honorable—connected with peers!

"He will stand for our city—Vulgarian!" cried the colonel.

"And his wife will walk out before me," cried the colonel's lady—"nasty woman!" And she burst into tears.

The guests were gone; and Richard had now leisure to consider what course to pursue with regard to his sister and her son.

His victory over his guests had in much softened his heart towards his relations; but he still felt bitterly aggrieved at Mrs. Fairfield's unseasonable intrusion, and his pride was greatly chafed by the boldness of Leonard. He had no idea of any man whom he had served, or meant to serve, having a will of his own—having a single thought in opposition to his pleasure. He began, too, to feel that words had passed between him and Leonard which could not be well forgotten by either, and would render their close connection less pleasant than heretofore. He, the great Richard Avenel, beg pardon of Mrs. Fairfield, the washerwoman! No; she and Leonard must beg his. "That must be the first step," said Richard Avenel; "and I suppose they have come to their senses." With that expectation, he unlocked the door of his parlor, and found himself in complete solitude. The moon, lately risen, shone full into the room, and lit up every corner. He stared round, bewildered—the birds had flown. "Did they go through the key-hole?" said Mr. Avenel. "Ha! I see! the window is open!" The window reached to the

ground. Mr. Avenel, in his excitement, had forgotten that easy mode of egress.

"Well," said he, throwing himself into his easy-chair, "I suppose I shall soon hear from them; they'll be wanting my money fast enough, I fancy." His eye caught sight of a letter, unsealed, lying on the table. He opened it, and saw bank-notes to the amount of £50—the widow's forty-five country notes, and a new note, Bank of England, that he had lately given to Leonard. With the money were these lines, written in Leonard's bold, clear writing, though a word or two here and there showed that the hand had trembled—

"I thank you for all you have done to one whom

you regarded as the object of charity. My mother and I forgive what has passed. I depart with her. You bade me make my choice, and I have made it.

" LEONARD FAIRFIELD."

The paper dropped from Richard's hand, and he remained mute and remorseful for a moment. He soon felt, however, that he had no help for it but working himself up into a rage. "Of all people in the world," cried Richard, stamping his foot on the floor, "there are none so disagreeable, insolent, and ungrateful as poor relations. I wash my hands of them!"

Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, a Collection of Old Ballad Tunes, &c.; chiefly from rare MSS. and Early Printed Books, deciphered from the obsolete Notation, and harmonized and arranged according to modern usage. By EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

THIS is not the least interesting of the many services which Dr. Rimbault has rendered to musical archeology; the matter of the volume having been collected with care and arranged with taste. The original authorities are given—and no tampering with the forms of the old melodies has been ventured on. As an antiquarian's work, what has been done could hardly have been done better. Dr. Rimbault, however, is more than a dry antiquarian of the Pegge school. His brief notices may be consulted with pleasure by the man of letters as well as by the musician; nor will the library of English verse or of English song be henceforth complete without this volume.

We must, however, once again offer a consideration or two, which are never adverted to by musical antiquarians, even if not wholly overlooked in their closets. Too implicit a trust seems to be put in the accuracy of all and sundry ancient MSS. where melodies are noted down from recitation. The chronicler, unless he be sternly a musician, may readily be bewildered into the admission of a mass of extraneous notes—wholes, halves and quarters—totally beside the reality, and arising from the feebleness or fancy of the singer, or from the fashion of the time. Let, for instance, the plainest of psalm tunes, such as *Old Hundred* or *Milgrave*, have been noted down in a Northumberland chapel of ease some twenty years ago—before Hullah was thought of—and something would have appeared which, taken *per se*, must have seemed strange in its savagery and absurd in its aberrations. Remark, again, what a needless irregularity may be given to a melody thoroughly regular by the noter bringing within the divisions of bars that which has been only a slackened *tempo*. We have emphatic instances of this in the practice of no less a man than Meyerbeer—who, resolute in denying to his singers the license of an *a piacere*, and objectionably careless in his notation, has thus disfigured his scores with odd bars, changes of rhythm, &c., for the most part entirely gratuitous, but which Rimbaults to come, who may arise in the New World, (when London shall have become "a hissing and a desolation,") will find it hard to unravel—especially should they happen to get hold of a copy of some pirated edition. To point the

moral of our remarks—we see no obstacle to "The King of France's Daughter" having been written throughout in triple rhythm; the four bars of common time introduced giving an awkward air to what seems to us a strictly symmetrical melody on a symmetrical rhythm, permitting license indeed, but never utterly lost.

Again, who shall vouch for the exactitude of the arrangement of the words to the notes in the MSS. of ancient music—or even for the respect for prosody on the part of the primitive composers? Some of these may have been foreigners, and have carelessly indulged in such falsities of accent as we find (to go no further) by dozens in the scores of Handel; e.g., in his "Israel!"—

The waters *we-re* gathered together, &c. &c.

After them comes the incorrect copyist, who forgets a division or a direction to repeat (things of small consequence to players who play by heart, and who want the notes before them only as a reminder;) and the result may be a crude blemish, such as has helped in more than one case to establish a reputation or to prop up some fantastic system of exceptions.

What we have here recapitulated is, of course, applicable only to tunes by scientific composers—of which Dr. Rimbault's collection largely consists. With regard to the origin and notation of those wilder melodies based on a mere cry or piece of cadenced declamation, to which one imitator after another adds a scrap of rhythm or a few grace notes, words and music getting polished or corrupted together, and the whole liable to entire dislocation in the mouth of any untutored singer who cannot keep up to pitch, or who chooses to add a few flourishes—we have too often spoke our opinion here to treat again on the subject. The remarks offered already preclude specification, anecdote, or analysis of the interesting matter gathered by Dr. Rimbault. Possibly we may return to his "Musical Illustrations" on a future day. Meanwhile, we are glad to see by a foot-note to his Introduction that he is making progress in his "Musical Illustrations to Shakespeare's Plays."

DR. BEKE, the German traveller, has been making long explorations on the Egyptian side of Africa. He expects that the missionary efforts for that part of Africa will have their centre in the region of Uniamesi, or "of the Moon." Among these mountains Dr. Beke saw a volcano in an active state. In the same region he found there was a vast lake named Usamiro. Some of the mountain peaks are above the snow line, glittering in perpetual whiteness.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

RED HAIR.

In the general category of "red" the greater part of people one meets confound every description of hair which is neither black, nor brown, nor white, nor whitish-brown. It may be the fiery Milesian shock—it may be the paly amber—it may be the burnished gold—it may be the

Brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun;

—*c'est égal*—it is all "red"—they have no other word.

And yet, under this general term are confounded the two extremes of beauty and ugliness—the two shades which have been respectively made the attributes of the angel and of the demon—we find that while, on the one hand, red hair (or rather a certain shade of it) has been both popularly and poetically associated with all ugliness, all vice, and all malignity, a more pleasing variety of the same hue has been associated with all loveliness, all meekness, and all innocence.

Thus Southey, in his vision of the "Maid of Orleans," after having taken the poor girl to a number of unpleasant places, introduces her to the following disagreeable personage:—

From thence they came
Where, in the next ward, a most wretched band
Groaned underneath the bitter tyranny
Of a fierce Daemon. His coarse hair was red—
Pale gray his eyes, and blood-shot, and his face
Wrinkled with such a smile as malice wears
In ecstasy. Well pleased he went around,
Plunging his dagger in the hearts of some,
Or probing with a poisoned lance their breasts,
Or placing coals of fire within their wounds.

This demon is Cruelty, and to his charge are committed all those who have exercised cruelty in their lifetime. Among others, "bad husbands," the poet tells us, "undergo a long purgation;" and serve them right too, but I would rather have handed them over for pickling to their mothers-in-law.

Thus we find that red hair, or rather a certain shade of it, (be it understood that I always qualify it thus,) as betokening a cruel and fiendlike disposition, is a part of the orthodox description of a professed executioner. Scott, in the "Talisman," gives Richard's headsman "a huge red beard, mingling with shaggy locks of the same color;" and in the very same scene introduces, as a most marked contrast, his beautiful Queen Berengaria, with her "cherub" countenance, and dishevelled "golden tresses."

It seems, likewise, to be considered the mark of a crafty and treacherous disposition. In Spain it is popularly known by the name of Judas hair, from a belief that the traitor disciple's hair was of that shade, and in all Spanish paintings he is distinguished from the rest of the disciples by the fiery color of his hair. (See Stirling's "Annals of the Artists of Spain.") To such an extent do the Spaniards carry their prejudices that the Castilians have a proverb, "De tul pelo, ni gato ni perro" (of such hair neither cat nor dog).

In our own country a similar belief seems to have prevailed, though unattended by the same unreasonable prejudice as in Spain. In Shakespeare's play of "As You Like It," Rosalind says of her lover—

Ros.—His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Celia.—Something browner than Judas'.

Ros.—I faith—his hair is of a good color.

Having now seen a certain variety of red hair to be the attributes of the demon—the headsman and the traitor—we shall find another variety of the same hue to be one of the attributes of perfect beauty and innocence. In that most unequal poem, "The Course of Time," Pollok, describing the dawn, says it was:—

As though the glorious, golden, bushy locks
Of thousand cherubim had been shorn off,
And in the temples hung of morn and e'en.

A bold step, by the way, beyond the sublime.
Thus, Tennyson's—

Sweet girl-graduates, in their golden hair.

Thus, by an authority which it would be heresy to dispute, and to which even a French painter has deferred, she who was "fairest of her daughters" was adorned with locks of flowing gold. And, indeed, it would seem a natural thing for a person to suppose, if unassisted by experience—on two beautiful women being placed before him—the one with shining locks of gold, and complexion radiant as the light, and the other with raven tresses and olive cheek, that the former was the native of a bright and sunny clime, and that the latter had grown up in the shadow of the gloomy northern land. Milton, as a scholar and a traveller, could not have written his description in ignorance, but it was painted, no doubt, from a model of his own, and he could not have drawn the fairest of women after any other pattern than that of her who possessed his imagination as the ideal of womanly beauty.

Now were I to picture the first of women, I would give her an almost Indian dusk, and the Abyssinian large, sad, gentle eye, (for the mother of mankind should have a touch of melancholy,) and flowing tresses of raven black, and everybody would say it was nothing like her.

The talented authoress of "Jane Eyre," by the way, is very much dissatisfied with Milton's Eve, (not with the color of her hair, but with her culinary qualifications,) and, making a mouthpiece of her heroine, Shirley, exclaims indignantly, that she was not Adam's wife, but his "housekeeper." She accordingly tries her hand upon an Eve of her own, and produces a sort of misty angel instead of Milton's comfortable woman. Fie! Miss Bell! find fault with Eve for being a good housekeeper! What sort of prospect is that for your husband? I have an idea, however, that Miss Bell is better than her word, and could almost wager that the authoress of "Jane Eyre" makes first-rate apple-jelly.

To return to our subject; I have in the next place to draw the reader's attention to some of the more marked prejudices or predilections of different nations on the subject. Among all nations the ancient Egyptians stand preëminent for the violence of their aversion to red hair. Theirs was literally a *burning* hatred, for, on the authority of Diodorus and others, that highly civilized people annually performed the ceremony of burning alive an unfortunate individual whose only crime was the color of his hair. Fancy the state of mind into which every possessor of the obnoxious shade must have been thrown on the approach of the dreaded ceremony, each not knowing whether himself might not be selected as the victim. Let us try to realize a case. Suppose an individual, perhaps a most respectable citizen, of unblemished character, and with hair not so very red, only the supply has been

unequal to the demand, and the more flagrant culprits have been used up—fancy the poor man rushing distractedly about, piteously asking his friends whether they think his hair is really so very red—fancy him, more eagerly than Titmouse, grasping at every receipt warranted to produce a deep and permanent black—fancy him sneaking nervously through the streets, imagining that every one who looks at him is saying to himself, “That’s the man for the bonfire.” What can the poor man do? If he were to flee to another city they would burn him all the more readily as being a stranger, in preference to one of their own townsmen. If he were to have an artful wig made, the perruquier might be a conscientious man, and feel it his duty to denounce him. The time draws nearer and nearer, and as the dread truth that his hair is unquestionably the reddest in the place begins to ooze out by degrees, his agony is redoubled. It is the last night; unable in the extremity of his anguish to form any plan, or take any measure, he passes the time walking distractedly about his house, exclaiming, “O this dreadful red hair!” The morning dawns; for the ten-thousandth time he rushes to his glass. Ha! what is this? His hair is no longer red, fear and anguish have turned it white. He leaps high into the air. “Ha—ha—cured in an instant!” But he dares not trust the evidence of his own bewildered mind. He calls all his household around him, and puts the question to each of his servants in turn, “What color is my hair?” They all tell him it is white, and their looks of astonishment assure him that they speak the truth. A loud knocking is heard at the door. His heart leaps within him, yet he feels that he is safe. Then a horrible qualm comes over him, fear and anguish had turned his hair white—perhaps joy may have turned it red again. Once more he rushes to his glass. No, it is all right. But he cannot bear the suspense, and rushes to the door himself. He sees the priests come for him—the magistrates, and all the little boys. Some of them may be his friends, but it is a religious ceremony, and all private feeling must give way. However, they think it proper to look grave as they inquire, “Is Mr. —— within?”—“I am, Mr. ——,” he cries with trembling eagerness. His fellow-townsmen are taken aback. They had known him well—many of them often dined at his house, and therefore it would have been interesting to see how he behaved when burnt (our amateurs will tell you that there is a great deal more pleasure in seeing a man hanged whom you know.) However, there is no help for it—it would be monstrous to burn a man whose hair was not red. So they hypocritically congratulate him, and he goes off with a lightsome heart to see his neighbor burnt.

It is right, however, to remark, that Sir Gardner Wilkinson throws doubt on the whole story, upon the general ground that the Egyptians were too civilized a people to permit such a barbarous custom. Seeing, however, that it is not a couple of centuries since old women were served in the same way in England, I think his reason scarcely sufficient. As to the fact that this people had a violent antipathy to red hair, there is no dispute, and the reason may probably be found in the circumstance of their being, as we learn from the sculptures, continually at war with a red-haired people called the Rebo, and it is probable, that if the above savage rite was ever actually performed, the victims were the prisoners taken in war. Among their own nation red hair was very uncommon, for

though it is found upon a great number of mummies, it is merely the effect of imperfect embalming, which has changed the natural color of the hair.

It would appear, from the terms “red-haired barbarians,” and “red-haired-devils,” which the Chinese have been wont to employ towards us English, that in that country a similar antipathy prevails.

Now I want to know what right the Chinese have to call us “red-haired!” They may call us “barbarians” or “devils,” if they like, for that is a matter of opinion, but as to the color of our hair that is a matter of fact, and I submit that they have no right to take the exception for the rule.

And here I would call attention to a curious coincidence of idea between these two people. It was in honor of Typho, or the devil, that the Egyptians annually burned a person with red hair, and “red-haired devils” is the term which the Chinese employ towards us, both nations appearing to associate the idea of devils with red hair.

Another idea suggests itself in connection with the above, namely, the deceptiveness of a great part of historical evidence. We say unhesitatingly, on the authority of the Egyptian monuments, that that people were at war with a red-haired tribe called the Rebo, whom they soundly thrashed. Now will not future historians, if they trust to similar evidence, say as unhesitatingly, on the authority of Chinese records, that that people were at war with a red-haired tribe called the English, whom they soundly thrashed?

We find another instance of the manner in which this peculiarity of individuals has appeared so striking to an Oriental nation as to induce them to make it the characteristic of the people, in the prophecy current among the Turks, that Constantinople shall one day be retaken by a yellow-haired nation, in which prophecy the general opinion is that the Russians are referred to.

But we can scarcely wonder at the delusion of the Chinese respecting the color of our hair, when we find that a similar idea (based probably on the same foundation as that of our selling our wives) used to prevail very generally among our well-informed neighbors across the Channel. I believe, however, that this impression has very much died away since a certain French traveller was candid enough to contradict it. “I spik,” said he, “alvays de truth, and I vill say dat I have seen English which had not red hair.”

If we turn to the ancient Romans we find that that people had as strong a penchant in favor of yellow or golden hair as the above-named nations had a prejudice against red. Among them yellow hair was so much admired that their ladies were in the habit of making use of cosmetics to change the color of their raven locks. The hue most esteemed was probably a very dark shade, and almost a brown, as the epithet (*flavus*) made use of by Horace to describe it is the same which he constantly employs to describe the color of the Tiber. Judging by what we know of the color of the Tiber, the epithet appears to be by no means complimentary, but the affections of the Romans for their river made them imagine it to be everything that was beautiful. In this respect they were the reverse of ourselves, who make a point of abusing the Thames, for the dirt we ourselves have put into it.

The predilection of the Romans has descended to the modern Italians, among whose women we find many beautiful varieties of the golden hue so much prized by the ancient connoisseurs among the

From Tenant's Christianity in Ceylon.

ancient, as among the modern Greeks, we find a similar penchant, and the ancient custom of employing ornaments of gold to heighten the effect of the darker-colored hair, as bronze is set off by or-molu, is preserved to the present day.

To the violent antipathy of the Spaniards I have already had occasion to allude. In our own country golden hair has always been admired, and in the middle ages a similar practice to that of the ancient Romans was in fashion among our ladies. They were in the habit of dyeing their hair yellow, and thinning their eyebrows—the latter custom exactly the reverse of that so common in the East.

In the Lowlands of Scotland yellow hair is a still more general favorite, for we find that of almost all the popular songs a "yellow-haired laddie," or a "yellow-haired lassie," is the hero, or the heroine, as the case may be.

On the other hand, among some of the Highland clans, red hair is regarded with so much aversion as to be considered a positive deformity. I remember an amusing instance of this, though I do not at present recollect the authority. A certain nobleman paid a visit to an old Highlander, and was introduced by him to his family, consisting of six fine, stalwart sons. The nobleman, however, happened to be aware that there were seven, and inquired after the absent member. The old man sorrowfully gave him to understand that an afflictive dispensation of Providence had rendered the seventh unfit to be introduced in company.

"Ah, poor fellow," said the sympathizing visitor, "I see—some mental infirmity!"

"On the contrary," replied the father, "he is by far the cleverest of the family—there is nothing the matter with his mind."

"Oh, then, by all means let me see him!" said the nobleman, and, while the old man went in quest of the unrepresentable youth, he prepared a kind word for the cripple, whom he expected to be produced. To his astonishment, however, the father returned, followed by a fine, tall, handsome young fellow, by far the most prepossessing of the family.

"Excuse me," stammered the nobleman: "but I—in fact—I—see nothing the matter with him."

"Nothing the matter with him!" mournfully exclaimed the afflicted parent; "nothing the matter with him! Look at his hair!"

The nobleman looked; sure enough his hair was red!

It is probable that this bitter aversion may have originated in some quarrel between the different clans, as we find that there are clans in which red hair preponderates.

Sir Walter Scott seems to have had a decided penchant for golden locks—at least I judge so from the number of his heroines to whom he has given hair of that color, and from the fact of his invariably comfortably marrying them, while their dark-haired companions are frequently much less satisfactorily disposed of. His reason for this seems to be an idea that they are more gentle, less ambitious, and less apt to get into mischief. Thus the amiable, golden-haired, Brenna marries the interesting Mordaunt, while the dark-haired and high-souled Minna spills her affection upon a good-for-nothing pirate. Thus the gentle Rose Bradwardine marries the interesting Waverley, while poor Flora M'Ivor's gallant heart is wasted in chivalrous and unprofitable loyalty. I somewhat doubt the correctness of his theory, for I think the spirit of the old sea-kings not unfrequently descends with the inheritance of their golden hair.

THE GREAT TANKS OF CEYLON.

No monuments of antiquity in the island are calculated to impress the traveller with such a conception of the former power and civilization of Ceylon, as the gigantic ruins of the tanks and reservoirs, in which the water, during the rains, was collected and preserved for the irrigation of their rice-lands.

The number of these structures, throughout vast districts now comparatively solitary, is quite incredible, and their individual extent far surpasses any works of the kind with which I am acquainted elsewhere. Some of these enormous reservoirs, constructed across the gorges of the valleys, in order to throw back the streams that thence issue from the hills, cover an area equal to fifteen miles long by four or five in breadth; and there are hundreds of a minor construction.

These are almost universally in ruins; and some idea of their magnitude and importance may be derived from the following extract from my diary, of a visit made to one of them in the year 1848:—

The tank to which I rode was that of Patharicclorn, in the Wanny, about seventy miles to the north of Trincomalee, and about twenty-five miles distant from the sea.

The direction of the pathway had never been chosen with a view to the convenience of horsemen, and it ran along the embankments of neglected tanks, and over rocks of gneiss which occasionally diversify the monotonous level of the forest, and on the sloping sides of which it was difficult to keep a secure footing. So little is the country known or frequented by Europeans, that the dear, or native headman, who acted as our guide to the great tank, told me I was the third white man who had visited it in thirty years.

About seven o'clock we reached the point of our destination, near the great breach in the embankment, having first, with difficulty, effected a passage over the wide stream which was flowing towards it from the basin of the tank. The huge tank itself was concealed from us by the trees, with which it is overgrown, till we suddenly found ourselves at its foot. It is a prodigious work, nearly seven miles in length, at least three hundred feet broad at the base, upwards of sixty feet high, and faced, throughout its whole extent, by layers of squared stone. The whole aspect of the place, its magnitude, its loneliness, its gigantic strength even in its decay, reminded me forcibly of ruins of a similar class, described by recent travellers, at Uxmal and Palenke, in the solitudes of Yucatan and Mexico.

The fatal breach, through which the waters escape, is an ugly chasm in the bank, about two hundred feet broad and half as many deep, with the river running slowly away below.

This breach affords a good idea of the immense magnitude of the work, as it presents a perfect section of the embankment from summit to base.

As we stood upon the verge of it above, we looked down on the tops of the highest trees, and a pelican's nest, with three young birds, was resting on a branch a considerable way below us.

We walked about two miles along the embankment, to see one of the sluices, which remains so far entire as to permit its original construction to be clearly understood, with the exception that the principal courses of stones have sunk lower towards the centre.

From its relative position, I am of opinion that

the breach through which the water now escapes, was, originally, the other sluice, which has been carried away by the pressure of some remote period. The existing sluice is a very remarkable work, not merely from its dimensions, but from its ingenuity and excellent workmanship. It is built of layers of hewn stones, varying from six to twelve feet in length, and still exhibiting a sharp edge, and every mark of the chisel. These rise into a ponderous wall immediately above the vents which regulated the escape of the water; and each layer of the work is kept in its place by the frequent insertion, endways, of long plinths of stone, whose extremities project from the surface, with a flange to prevent the several courses from being forced out of their places. The ends of these retaining stones are carved with elephants' heads and other devices, like the extremities of Gothic corbels; and numbers of similarly sculptured blocks are lying about in all directions, though the precise nature of the original ornaments is no longer apparent.

About the centre of the great embankment, advantage has been taken of a rock about two hundred feet high, which has been built in to give strength to the work. We climbed to the top of it; the sun was now high and the heat intense; for, in addition to the warmth of the day, the rock itself was still glowing from the accumulated heat of many previous days. It was covered with vegetation, which sprung vigorously from every handful of earth that had lodged in the interstices of the stone; and amongst a variety of curious plants, we found the screwed euphorbia, the only place in which I have seen it in the island. But the view from this height was something very wonderful; it was, in fact, one of the most memorable scenes I remember in Ceylon. Towards the west, the mountains near Anarajapoora were dimly visible in the extreme distance; but, between us and the sea, and for miles on all sides, there was scarcely a single eminence, and none half so high as the rock on which we stood. To the furthest verge of the horizon there extended one vast unbroken ocean of verdure, varied only by the tints of the forest, and with no object for the eye to rest on, except here and there a tree, a little loftier than the rest, which served to undulate the otherwise unbroken surface.

Turning to the side next the tank, its prodigious area lay stretched below us, broken into frequent reservoirs of water, and diversified with scattered groups of trees. About half a mile from where we stood, a herd of wild buffaloes were lumbering through the long grass and rolling in the fresh mud. These, and a deer, which came to drink from the water-course, were the only living animals to be seen in any direction.

As to human habitation, the nearest was the village where we had passed the preceding night; but we were told that a troop of unsettled Veddas had lately sown some rice on the verge of the reservoir, and taken their departure after securing their little crop. And this is now the only use to which this gigantic undertaking is subservient—it feeds a few wandering outcasts; and yet, such are its pro-

digious capabilities, that it might be made to fertilize a district equal in extent to an English county.

And who were the constructors of this mighty monument? It is said that some one of the sacred books of Ceylon records the name of the king who built it; but it has perished from the living memory of man. On the top of the great embankment itself, and close by the bench, there stands a tall sculptured stone, with two engraved compartments, that no doubt record its history; but the odear informed us that the characters were "Nagari, and the language Pali, or some unknown tongue which no one now can read."

What, too, must have been the advancement of engineering power at the time when this immense work was undertaken! It is true that it exhibits no traces of science or superior ingenuity; and, in fact, the absence is one of the causes to which the destruction of the tanks of Ceylon has been very reasonably ascribed, as there had been no arrangement for regulating their own contents, and no provision for allowing the superfluous water to escape during violent inundations. But irrespective of this, what must have been the command of labor at the time when such a construction was achieved! The government engineer calculates that, taking the length of the bank at six miles, its height at sixty feet, and its breadth at two hundred at the base, tapering to twenty at the top, it would contain 7,744,000 cubic yards, and, at 1s. 6d. per yard, with the addition of one half that sum for facing it with stone, and constructing the sluices and other works, it would cost £870,000 sterling, (or \$4,176,000,) to construct the front embankment alone!

But inquiry does not terminate here. What must have been the numbers of the population employed upon a work of such surprising magnitude? and what the population to be fed, and for whose use not only this gigantic reservoir was designed, but some thirty others of nearly similar magnitude, which are still in existence, but more or less in ruin, throughout a district of a hundred and fifty miles in length from north to south, and about ninety from sea to sea? Another mysterious question is still behind and unanswered. What was the calamity, or series of calamities, which succeeded in exterminating this multitude? which reduced their noble monuments to ruin, which silenced their peaceful industry, and converted their beautiful and fertile region into an unproductive wilderness, tenanted by the buffalo and the elephant, and only now and then visited by the uncled savage, who raises a little rice in its deserted solitudes, or disturbs its silent jungles to chase the deer, or rob the wild bee of its honey?

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—The second annual catalogue of this institution at Philadelphia (Pa.) shows that it now has forty female students of Medicine, all of them being from Pennsylvania, except six, one of whom hails from England, two from Massachusetts, and one from each of the States of New York, Ohio, and Vermont.